PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.
SEP 20 1946

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXII. No. 810. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1946 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 145
REORIENTATIONS 147
COLONIAL SHORTCOMINGS 148
PARIS DIARY. By Critic 149
THIS ENGLAND 149
THE RETURN TO PROSPERITY. By A. Emil Davies 150
FILMS AND THE CHILD MIND. 150
A PAGE FROM A NUREMBERG NOTEBOOK. By Feliks Topolski 151
RADIO NOTES. By J. V. Ste. Maxime . . 152
JOTTINGS. By Roger Marvell 152
THE MOVIES. By Norman MacKenzie . . 152
VOX POPULI. By Sagittarius. 152
CORRESPONDENCE 153
From John W. G. Sandiford; Stevan Zivadinovic; Boris Ford; Beverley Nichols; Lord Beveridge and others; and others.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Henry Reed . Page 155
REVIEWS:
Two Ambassadors. By Leonard Woolf . 156
Taxi Driver. By V. S. Pritchett. . . 156
Things French. By Raymond Mortimer . 157
"I Thought so Little, They Rewarded Me . . ." By Flora Grierson . . 158
Shorter Notice 158
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 159

POLITICAL TURNING POINT?

IN the columns of the *Daily Herald* Mr. Morgan Phillips has recorded that, when the Labour Party's Goodwill Mission visited the Kremlin, Stalin warned them that, though the British Parliamentary road to Socialism might be beset by fewer obstacles than the shorter and more difficult road which the Russians had had to tread in 1917, the "clever and experienced bourgeoisie" in Britain might prove more of a problem to British Labour than their counterparts had proved in the U.S.S.R. No better illustration of this problem could be found than the success which appears to have attended the obstructionist tactics of the Iron and Steel Federation. The misgivings which we expressed last week about Mr. Wilmot's equivocal statement of Government intentions with regard to the steel industry have been confirmed by the unconcealed satisfaction with which the statement has been greeted by the big steel men. Their attitude suggests that, in undertaking, as they now do, to go ahead with the modernisation and development of the industry on their own lines, they are relying on assurances that they need fear no nationalisation Bill within the lifetime of this Parliament, and that Government participation in the industry is likely to be confined to the provision of financial assistance of perhaps £80,000,000 which will be lent at or near the gilt-edge rate of interest in return either for debentures or possibly a holding of shares. As the *Economist* observed last week: "The precedent of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company shows that such participation can work effectively, without cramping decisions which have to be taken at the managerial level." In other words, Big Business in steel will remain master of its own house. Sir Andrew Duncan and his colleagues have good reason to be pleased.

Their satisfaction is unlikely to be shared by the Labour movement. We have never held, nor does the Labour movement as a whole, that nationalisation is a panacea for the present troubles of the British steel industry: their solution depends equally on technical replanning and re-equipment. The deadly significance, however, of the Government's present retreat on steel is not merely that the industry cannot be adequately replanned or rendered technically efficient without overall public control, but that steel has been chosen by the Government's opponents as the arena in which to fight their first head-on battle with Socialism. During the Government's first year of office, the enemy, stunned by the electorate's verdict last summer, appeared to be on the run; the opposition, not merely to large measures of social reform, but even to the nationalisation of the Bank of England and the coal mines, was perfunctory. These Parliamentary victories, however, represented no more than the surrender by the enemy of his advance lines. When it came to steel, one of the strategic positions in the defence of economic and political power, the enemy's tactics were quite different. Sir Andrew Duncan and the Iron and Steel Federation refused point-blank to co-operate. Confronting a Government whose policy lacked precision, and whose enthusiasm for a head-on clash was lukewarm, the organised obstructionists won the day.

Is this a turning point in the history of the Labour Government? The precedent set could not be worse. If the steelmakers can get away with it, cannot the vested interests in gas, electricity and transport be equally successful? What reason is there to suppose that the Government is prepared to defy more resolutely this or that future capitalist pressure group? And there is a further danger. It is not only on the capitalist side of the fence that pressure can be exercised. So long as the Government remains on the offensive against capitalism and continues to move towards a full Socialist economy, organised Labour will be prepared to make sacrifices and to forgo immediate satisfactions in order to strengthen the Government's hand. But if the impression is once created that "interests" can bend the Government to their will if only they are "tough" enough, and that the Government is becoming an "impartial arbitrator" between the conflicting claims of capital and labour, it is too much to expect that the Trade Unions will not press claims for immediate increases in wages and leisure. The solidarity of the Labour movement depends almost entirely on its faith that the Government is genuinely out to build a Socialist Britain. If that faith is undermined, it will give place to cynicism. The movement will be split into a Trade Union "interest" out for what it can get, and a Labour Party rent by dissensions between a loyal Right and a Left talking of MacDonaldism.

The U.S.A. Gets Tough

We must not assume that America's anxiety to push her trade in the Danube area, and to keep Communism out of the Mediterranean, will lead to any permanent commitments in Europe. The psychology of Americans and United States policy towards Europe are to-day very similar to Britain's psychology and policy in the nineteenth century. It takes about as long now to fly from America to Europe as it did to sail from Britain to the Continent in the nineteenth century. And just as Britain felt entitled to interfere when she was alarmed by the growing strength of any Continental Power, and withdrew after Palmerston had sent a battleship to demonstrate her strength, so the United States to-day dispatches an aircraft-carrier to Greek waters and addresses Notes to Yugoslavia that are stronger in tone than in substance. It is probably a misfortune that the Yugoslav dispute is not to come before the United Nations. Yugoslavia's action in shooting down American airplanes cannot in any case be justified: it is the angry response of hot-headed men to what appears to them the contemptuous behaviour of a greater Power which wishes to intimidate them. But though the United Nations would certainly have condemned the Yugoslav action, the effect of an appeal to Uno would have been a public examination of the facts, which are not known to the public anywhere, least of all in the United States. Without such a full inquiry they are likely to remain doubtful, if only because the Slavs are as much accustomed to exaggerate as the British to understate. All that is clearly known is that there have been a number of past incidents which have not been made public; that the Yugoslavs have repeatedly protested against

a violation of their sovereignty by American airmen; and that Tito's advisers certainly believe that American aircraft have deviated from the prescribed course for reasons other than those of bad weather. American airmen, who are much less trained in navigation than British, commonly pay less attention to prescribed routes and frequently carry cameras with them. The Yugoslavs are no doubt excessively suspicious, but it must be remembered that since the war all nations have been anxious for full photographic maps of the strategic areas of Europe. Tito has promised that there shall be no repetition of the incidents, and the Americans have already begun to use armed Fortresses in this area instead of passenger planes. But several points are still undecided. The Yugoslavs state that a third plane was brought down, but that the evidence was so incriminating that no American protest was made about it; and they declare that the Turkish officer who is now in hospital was engaged in espionage.

The First Indian Government

The taking over of power by the first National Government would rank as one of the biggest and most auspicious events in Indian history, were it not clouded by the abstention and revolt of the Muslim League. After spending twenty years of his life in prison, Pandit Nehru heads it as Premier in all but name. The five Hindu veterans of Congress, all of them old "jail-birds," who form its core, (Nehru, Patel, Prasad, Rajagopalachari and Sarat Bose) combine with their contrasted temperaments a great weight of experience. The weak section, inevitably, is the Muslim group, as yet only three in number, though two more may be chosen later. The majority of provincial Muslims belong to the League and its powers of intimidation, physical as well as moral, are so formidable that moderate non-party Muslims dare not defy it. It might have been wiser to leave the five Muslim seats conspicuously vacant. Lord Wavell's broadcast appeal to the League to reconsider its abstention, has been answered by a more than usually offensive statement from Mr. Jinnah. It appears that the Viceroy intends to retain his exceptional powers over the autonomous provinces. He has gone to Calcutta, where he will have to investigate the responsibility of the Bengali Muslim League Ministry for the recent riots. Hindus allege that it supplied the organised Muslim gangs with lorries and oil. Even if its complicity was less direct, there may be a case for deposing it. Rarely has a more difficult choice confronted the Viceroy and the Central Government. On the one hand, the fury of the Muslims may soon lead to something like civil war. How long under these conditions can the loyalty of the Indian Army and Police be trusted? From this standpoint the promptest measures are the best. On the other hand, unless Congress can succeed in conciliating the Muslims, no lasting structure of Independence can be built. Firm administrative action must be combined with the most generous political approach, designed to remove Muslim fears of Hindu numbers and economic power.

The Greek Plebiscite

The decision taken by the Ukraine to request the Security Council to take note that "the irresponsible policy" of the Tsaldaris government is creating a threat to peace in the Balkans can only be regarded as one more move in the series of marches and counter-marches conducted in Paris by the Russian and Anglo-American Blocs. We doubt whether Mr. Manuilsky takes as seriously as he pretends the "incidents" on the Greek-Albanian frontier or the persecution of national minorities in Macedonia and Trace. The real sting in his complaint to Uno is his assertion that British intervention in Greece is serving the ends of "aggressive monarchist elements." The immediate question is what further encouragement these elements will derive from the plebiscite which is to be held this weekend to decide whether King George is to return to his throne. The latest report of the Allied Electoral Mission inspires little confidence that the voting will be carried out in conditions favouring an honest verdict. Mr. Windle, the British member of the Mission, has admitted that he and his colleagues were concerned only with the validity of the claims actually made for inclusion in the electoral lists. How far interference by terrorists or by the Royalist police had affected registration was not, according to Mr. Windle, the business of the Mission. But, apart from this, the plebiscite will not be supervised by any Allied observers, except for the "unofficial and limited" observation now vouchsafed by the U.S. State Department. In these circumstances, polling is likely to lead to the verdict desired by the present Greek Government.

The Palestine Conference

It is announced that negotiations with the Arabs and Jews have progressed far enough for the London Conference to start on September 9th. But, in fact, while the Arab League and the Palestine Arabs have accepted, it is doubtful if the Jews will attend. Mr. Bevin still hopes to win the support of the Arab League for the retention of Palestine as the main British Middle Eastern base in return for the evacuation of Egypt, and is apparently prepared to make concessions which involve a *de facto* maintenance of the White Paper policy. The League politicians—scared by the internal repercussions in Egypt of the British withdrawal, over 200,000 unemployed and the rapid growth of a revolutionary labour movement—may be tempted to sacrifice the claim for Palestinian independence in return for British protection against Bolshevism both internal and external. But can they do so without losing their popular support throughout the Arab world? So far the Palestine issue has been the sole point of agreement in the Arab League, and the demand of the League has been for the total stoppage of Jewish immigration and the total withdrawal of British troops. The Palestine Arabs, suspecting a deal between the British and the League, have now published the terms on which they are prepared to negotiate. These include the disavowal by the British Government of the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate. They have added a rider that the Mufti should take part in the Conference. This demand has its cogency. Despite, or rather owing, to his willingness to fight the British by actively supporting Hitler, he symbolises the intransigent hatred of Western imperialism which is the motive force of Arab nationalism. Mr. Bevin, however, is anxious to obtain at least his tacit agreement to any revised plan. The divisions among the Jews are not so acute. The Government no doubt hoped that the growing economic crisis, which is the direct result of our present methods of administration, would break Jewish unity. But so far the attempt to find even the nucleus of a "quisling" Jewish Agency has failed; and every further week of military dictatorship under General Barker strengthens the position of the extreme Zionists against Dr. Weizmann, whose moderate Labour colleagues are still held without charge in detention camps, and have not been permitted to attend the London conference. British policy has created a situation where Jews and Arabs alike believe that they have nothing to lose by complete intransigence. In view of this, the official optimism about the Conference is difficult to explain, except on the supposition that concessions to the Arabs will be imposed by force on the Jews.

Soviet Socialism in Germany

The announcement that the Soviet occupation authorities are taking over the ownership of a number of the big industrial plants in the Soviet zone of occupation in Germany follows on the similar action taken in Austria a few weeks ago. Its exact significance is not clear. On the face of it, there is everything to be said for the nationalisation of these large-scale German enterprises; and for the time being nationalisation can be effected only by the taking of ownership into the hands of the occupying Power. This is what the British authorities have done in the case of the Ruhr coal industry and are said to be planning to do in that of a number of other big plants in the zone. The policy in these instances is for the occupying Power to hold the transferred properties in trust, pending a final decision as to their permanent disposal as part of the general settlement of German affairs. It is, however, none too clear that this is what the Russians have in mind; and as the prospects of any unified settlement of the German problem recedes, the temporary taking-over of German productive assets necessarily changes its character. Presumably, in the Soviet zone, the new policy will mean that the transferred factories will be used mainly to produce goods for export to the Soviet Union, and the effect will be a further tying of Eastern Germany to the Soviet economy.

German Prisoners

Complaints that the Russians are using the return of German prisoners as an electoral bribe on behalf of the United Socialists' candidates in their zone may be well founded. But they do not alter the fact that, whereas prisoners are at last to be repatriated in large numbers from the East, the British Government is not only retaining half a million but actually bringing reinforcements to this country. We learn, for instance, that recently the medical standards have been deliberately lowered and that as a result men in one camp at Münster who had been repatriated for reasons of ill-health have now been reclassified and sent back to this country. Only a tiny trickle of anti-Nazis is being permitted to return to Germany. Apparently the Government cannot make up its mind. It "views sympathetically" the idea of announcing a firm repatriation plan but does nothing about it. One of the difficulties, no doubt, is the number of Departments and interests involved, and the connection between the problems of repatriation and of foreign labour generally. Prisoner labour has become an institution and it is felt to be far easier to handle, despite its vast expense, than, for instance, the free Polish labour which we may have to accept in its place when the Polish army is demobilised. But the solution will not become any easier merely by delay.

The Closed Shop

Although the closed shop is a traditional trade union demand, the case of the L.P.T.B. raises two new issues. This is the first time that a public corporation has accepted the principle. The Transport and General Workers Union, moreover, has done more than persuade the Board to make union membership a condition of employment: it has successfully insisted that it shall be the only recognised union for the grades concerned. With some reason, the National Passenger Workers' Union, which claims to organise four thousand employees of the Board, is taking legal action to protect its members from the threat of dismissal if they do not join the T. & G.W.U. before a certain date. But on this side the case is by no means simple. The N.P.T.W. was formed as a breakaway "non-political" union after the bus strike during the Coronation celebrations. It is opposed to the political affiliation of the T.U.C. to the Labour Party. It has been both advised and championed by Mr. W. J. Brown, M.P., who has made a Parliamentary issue of the conflict between the trade union bureaucracies and the rank-and-file. The relations between the T. & G.W.U. and the breakaway organisation have been further confused by personal animosities. The case made by the L.P.T.B. for accepting the union demand is clear enough. The Board has for years conducted its collective bargaining with Transport House. It feels that agreements are more likely observed when they are immediately

and universally binding on the whole of its employees. There have also been a number of unofficial strikes among London transport workers, partly due to the employment of non-unionists, partly to rank-and-file dislike of working schedules negotiated by the leadership. In the case of the L.P.T.B., the closed shop must be accompanied by much closer contact between union officials and the membership.

U.S. Prices and Wages

Nobody is likely to be satisfied by the decision of the Decontrol Board to restore a price ceiling on meat but to leave the prices of grain, eggs, milk and poultry to find their own level. The Chicago Meat Institute has expressed the view that, if an attempt is made to "roll back" meat prices to anything like the pre-decontrol level, supplies will simply be canalised into the black market; and, though the good grain harvest forecast in the United States and Canada may suffice to keep wheat prices within bounds, the Board's decision will do nothing to check the diversion of wheat to feed for uncontrolled dairy produce. In short, the outlook in the United States is that the cost of living will continue to rise. What will be the reaction of organised labour? The Automobile Workers, one of the leading unions in the C.I.O., has been talking of "an ultimatum to President Truman," and has been threatening to reopen their recently concluded wage agreements. This threat, however, has to be set against the fact that the C.I.O. leaders are seriously apprehensive of runaway inflation being set in motion if wages chase prices in an upward spiral. Moreover, if the C.I.O. took the lead in a new campaign for wage advances, it is by no means certain that the A.F. of L. would co-operate: Mr. Lewis and his new friends might use the opportunity for another attack on C.I.O. "extremism."

Bacteriological Warfare

Justice surely wore bandages over one eye when General Schreiber gave his evidence at Nuremberg this week. The General, formerly of the Wehrmacht Medical Service, and now a prisoner in Russian hands, testified to having attended a conference in Berlin in July 1943, at which a bacteriological warfare group was created under Göring. An institute, he said, had been established at Posen under Dr. Blome; bacterial cultures had been produced on a large scale, and bacteria and insects harmful to crops had been sprayed from aircraft on an experimental field. Schreiber, according to his evidence, had advised against the employment of this weapon; and the Red Army's advance had resulted in the loss of the Posen plant. The charge, therefore, is that Germany had planned, though she never actually indulged in, bacteriological warfare. But would not the Allies, if they had been defeated, have been exposed to a similar charge? If "intentions" are to be considered, what of the experimental work now being undertaken in the United States? In a recent issue of the U.S. *Pharmaceutical Journal* an article appeared disclosing that U.S. scientists, directing a force of nearly 4,000 men, had worked out "precise methods" of unloosing clouds of "disease-producing agents" on men and plants. The author of the article, Mr. George Merck, stated that work had been done on 1,000 types of plant-killing chemicals which would be disseminated by stratosphere planes; and that a particularly effective poison which had been developed for spraying was a crystal form of Botulin bacteria. Unhappily, the activities of the U.S. Chemical Warfare Service are outside the jurisdiction of the Nuremberg Courts.

PRINTING TRADES' DISPUTE

Deliveries of this paper are subject to delays, up to 24 hours, during the present trade dispute.

REORIENTATIONS

I.—THE MUNICH ANALOGY

DURING Mr. Bevin's first year at the Foreign Office we have witnessed a complete reversal of Labour's foreign policy. When the Labour Party won its electoral victory it convinced a large part of the British people that a Socialist Foreign Secretary could break down the barrier of suspicion which divided the Anglo-American alliance from the Russians throughout the war, and could mediate between the extremes of American "Pluto democracy" and Russian Communism. Last summer, millions of British soldiers and civilians were led to believe that British Socialists, by setting an example in foreign and colonial affairs of sane internationalism, could take the lead in promoting world reconstruction by consent and not by violence.

These promises were sincerely made and sincerely accepted by a people wearied of the opportunism and shiftlessness of Tory policy. They have not been fulfilled. To observers outside these islands it looks as though Mr. Bevin, while accepting the inevitable in India, is attempting to shore up the rest of the Empire and is mobilising every force at his command to fight Russian and Communist interests in Europe and the Middle East. Increasingly relying on America to lead his diplomatic offences, he now appears as the backer of almost any force and any party prepared to agree with his analysis of Russian ambition. He has assumed the role of the crusader instead of the mediator, of the bluff defender of "British decency" instead of the architect of a world unity based on the patient conciliation of conflicting interests and philosophies of life.

But it is far too early to assume that the Government is firmly committed to any single line of policy. The sudden shifts of emphasis in our relations with Greece, Indonesia and Spain, with the vacillations which have had such lamentable results in the Middle East, are sufficient proof that Mr. Bevin is not working according to any such clearly conceived principles of policy as Mr. Churchill announced in his Fulton speech. True to his personal record as industrial negotiator, he is still feeling his way and trying one expedient after another. If he is committed, it is not by any act of rational decision but by a long series of *ad hoc* extemporisations, and even more by certain emotional concepts—the unarticulated judgment of a practical man who instinctively rejects the idea of basing his policy on anything so abstract as political analysis and principles. For that very reason he finds himself unable to escape from the hard-trodden path of traditional British policy.

This lack of formulated principle makes a constructive criticism of Labour's foreign policy very difficult. It has the appearance of a personal rather than of a Government policy; it is based on instinct rather than reason, in which the conclusions are drawn, not from premises, but from over-simplified analogies. Of these, the most important seems to be that which Mr. Bevin draws between the Munich situation of 1938 and the present stage of Anglo-Russian relations. By permitting this analogy to colour his whole attitude, Mr. Bevin is in danger of transforming a temporary expedient into an irrevocable and fateful decision.

The policy of Munich stands condemned for one reason. At a period when war was already almost, if not absolutely, inevitable, concessions were made for the sake of gaining time and in the hope of diverting the German attack against the U.S.S.R. Those concessions enormously strengthened Germany and weakened the victims of her aggression. "Appeasement" has become a term of abuse because we now mean by it the sacrifice of small nations to a Power whose avowed object was the armed domination of the world. If we are to condemn the conciliation of the U.S.S.R. as "appeasement," we must be sure that we are applying the word correctly.

This involves answering various precise questions. Are our relations with Russia in 1946 parallel with Anglo-German relations in 1938? Does Russian Communism contain within it the motives of expansion and domination which National Socialism contained? Are the only alternatives before us either (*a*) "appeasement," followed (eventually and at an increased disadvantage) by a war against Russia, or (*b*) an armed encirclement so strong as to deter her from acts of aggression? If the answer to these questions were "Yes," then the Munich parallel would be sound. Any major concessions now would be acts of appeasement, that is, sacrifices of principles and of strategic advantages whose only result would be to encourage fresh acts of aggression and to weigh the scales against Britain and America in the war which would inevitably follow.

If all this were so, then Mr. Churchill would prevail. "Civilisation" would demand an Anglo-American alliance which could gather unto itself any and every force willing to co-operate for whatever motives in the rebuilding of the *cordon sanitaire*. For the time being we should have to give up all hopes of a return to peace and take our share in building up Western strength in the hope that Russia, weakened by her losses in the war, and deterred by this formidable array, would learn the wisdom of her ways in the straight jacket of Anglo-American atomic might. Perhaps the danger would decline in five or six years: in that case we could relax our vigilance and make a little butter instead of guns. If it did not, we should have to keep constant guard like the Roman legions on the *limes* of "civilisation."

It has been argued that such a policy could be carried out by a few preventive atomic bombs. But this is not the case. When Marshal Pilsudsky proposed the preventive war against Germany, Hitler had not yet re-armed and the opposition in Germany was strong and virile enough to replace his regime. A preventive war against Russia to-day would not be a lightning stroke to unseat an inexperienced dictator with no military strength at his disposal and threatened by an internal opposition. The atomic bombing of Moscow would have to be followed by the occupation of a vast territory in which we could find no successor to the Communist rulers. Such an enterprise is the wishful thinking of a few—but vocal—American romantics.

But is the analogy otherwise sound? The geographic position of Germany, her lack of vital war materials such as oil, and the lopsided over-development of her heavy industries made it almost inevitable that any nationalist regime would solve the unemployment problem by re-armament and seek an outlet by expansion. Only a Socialist Germany in a Socialist Europe could ever have accepted the subordination of German national interests to a European and world order. And Germany in 1938 was not merely nationalist, but Nazi, a Germany recklessly imperialist, fanatically racialist and blindly anti-Bolshevik. In 1938 it could be stated, soberly and objectively, that the inner dynamic of the Nazi system must cause a series of violent acts of aggression, for which Germany was then hectically arming. They could only be ended by the destruction of the system itself, either by war or by a slow process of strangulation.

Do those who use the Munich analogy so freely suggest that the position of Russia to-day is remotely comparable? The U.S.S.R.—her manpower drained by unprecedented losses, her land and cities devastated, her industrial mechanism over-strained by the war—is engrossed in reconstruction. Since V.E. day her military machine has been put into reverse, however great

her potential resources may be. Further, the economic factors are not the same. Economically Russia has no cause to expand. Every economic argument of Russian interest would be on the side of retrenchment on military expenditure in order to concentrate on rebuilding. There are no doubt powerful strategic arguments for covering up weak spots by the acquisition of strong points in neighbouring territory and by ensuring that friendly governments control neighbour States. But such strategic arguments, which also weigh heavily in Britain and America, can be modified by a general relaxation of tension. They are not constant factors in the calculation of any great Power, especially in an age when strategy is being transformed by atomic energy.

If the analogy holds, it can only be because of a similarity between the inner dynamic of the Nazi "Mission" and that of the Communist creed. The Russian menace, if it is as acute as the German, must be due, not to economic needs, but to the belief in the Kremlin that Capitalism and Communism cannot co-exist in the same world. This belief, if fanatically held, by men whose philosophy teaches that the end justifies the means, might be sufficient to create a permanent deadlock between Russia and all non-Communist States in which an armed armistice was the only alternative to war.

There is certainly evidence on which to base such an estimate of Stalin and the Politbureau. The iron of despotic power eats into the soul of rulers brought up on the tenets of Leninist Marxism. No doubt they still will the classless society, but this final end has become identified in their minds with the maintenance of the present Russian State. Since they suspect enemies everywhere, they everywhere turn friends into enemies. By their actions they create the conditions which they fear, and then they must take action to deal with the conditions which they have created. The vicious circle is completed.

The Munich parallel, however, holds only if we are convinced that this vicious circle cannot possibly be broken, that nothing we or anyone else can do will ever alter this fixed frame of mind in the Kremlin, that everything has been done which can be done, and that everything has failed. At this point the argument turns upon ourselves. Can Mr. Bevin or Mr. Byrnes, looking back on the record of the last twelve months, say that each of them has done everything to change the Russian analysis of inevitable capitalist hostility? Certainly they have not shown to Marshal Stalin a fraction of the patience and sympathetic understanding which we showered on Hitler and Mussolini. The Munich sell-out was the last of a long series of concessions which began in 1933. It was wrong because it was obvious that it would fail to achieve its object. If in five years time, despite continued constructive and conciliatory proposals, the Russian attitude were still the same, Mr. Bevin might reasonably argue that the case is hopeless. Scarcely one year after a common victory such conclusions are hasty and irresponsible. Are they not based on as irrational a vicious circle of suspicion as that displayed by the Russians themselves?

To found a Socialist policy on analogies with Munich and to condemn conciliation as "appeasement" is to give way to exasperation. Talk of the Munich parallel is not tough realism but the expression of a panic psychology which may destroy the world. Our foreign policy might serve our interests better if our statesmen took a rest from their day-to-day anxieties and started thinking with their heads instead of with their stomachs. The role of the mediator, to which the Government is solemnly pledged, could still be ours if we had a policy based on cool reason, not on angry and inaccurate analogies.

COLONIAL SHORTCOMINGS

THE Labour Government has not been enjoying an easy passage in its work on the Colonies. It has been the butt of sharp criticism over the cession of Sarawak; it has been accused of tactlessness and queer dealing in its plans for the new Malaya; it has disappointed many by appearing too tender to settler interests in Kenya; and it has made bewildering mistakes, such as the imposition of flogging in Trinidad. But perhaps worse than all this, in the eyes of its friends, is its failure to make any clear break with what has gone before. Nothing could have been more disheartening than the Colonial Secretary's speech on the Estimates a few weeks ago. George Hall actually went so far as to hand bouquets to his predecessor, and to tell the House how much of the plans on which he had worked had been prepared by the last Government.

All this is a thousand pities, because anyone watching the Colonial Office carefully during the past year must have been impressed with the great mass of excellent work which has been accomplished. All the despatches, reports and White Papers, which have been issued, form a staggering pile. And many of the schemes are admirable: plans for the reform of the Colonial Service, for constitutional progress, for the representation of Africans on councils, for economic planning, for the encouragement of trade unions and co-operatives; there are dozens of such painstaking, essential measures, which escape public notice, but the profound value of which will emerge as the years go by.

Let no one under-estimate the importance of all this, still less the difficulties in carrying it out. Between the good intentions of Ministers in Whitehall and the translation of policy into practice in the field, there is the buffer of the Colonial Office officials in London, and of the Governors and their officials in the Colonies—not to mention the Colonial Legislatures, with their own increasing powers. The influences at work in all these groups may be far removed from those which predominate in the Lobbies of Westminster, and the methods by which policy can be blocked are many and various. Nothing could be less true than to imagine, particularly in the colonial field, that the Minister can work wonders by waving a wand. And even were all his officials, at home and overseas, of the same mind as himself, the very nature of the problems with which the Colonial Secretary is confronted—intractable natural conditions, illiterate populations, gruelling poverty, pest and disease—precludes dramatic improvements.

But when one has said all this, and given Labour the benefit of every possible doubt, one still remains profoundly uneasy. The trouble is not so much individual difficulties in Malaya or East Africa or Trinidad—usually there is an explanation for these, and, when all the facts are uncovered, one often finds that the Government has not been so wicked after all. But somehow, the psychological key is missing. There is a failure to understand both what the rank and file at home feel about these things, and what the colonials themselves are so desperately anxious to see and hear. Intelligent people at home have for long felt conscience-stricken about the Empire: they have learnt to recognise the selfish interests at work, to deplore the wretchedly low standards of living, and to feel warmly and generously towards colonials striving for their own advancement. They would respond readily to any imaginative act or bold pronouncement; they are genuinely anxious to feel that a new leaf has been turned. Yet, since Labour took office, there has not been a single speech or act on the Colonies, which could, at the wildest stretch of imagination, flutter a single heart. Just good, solid steps, which might have been taken by Conservatives or Liberals.

In its reactions on the colonials, this is even more disastrous. To them the white man is a white man, whatever his Party, and they are not prepared to give him the benefit of any doubt at all. They are not likely to see the enlightened "papers" emanating from Downing Street; their contacts with the British Empire are with the raw end of local officialdom, and nothing has happened to change this. For the most part the same old officials are there under the same old Governors; and even though, as the new spirit seeps through the Service, and the new plans are implemented, things will undoubtedly alter, for the time being an act of faith is required to discern any difference in anything. The scepticism of the colonials is already turning to hostility towards the Labour Government.

Why is it that we should fall into this sorry impasse? Can it be because, as a Party, we lack a really coherent policy and philosophy on these matters? If ever there was a subject on which Labour has been guilty of woolly thinking, the Colonies fill the bill. Our attitude has been an uneasy compound of "Imperialism is bad, let us liquidate the Empire" and "No; the Empire is a slum, we must spend more to raise standards and help towards self-government." If the first part of the compound had prevailed, at least we would have had an irreproachably distinct policy. But the second line is, in fact, dominant—almost inevitably so in the modern world, where small independent states have no chance at all. In this line we do in effect come perilously close to the policy of other parties, unless we can work out the Socialist implications.

Here is the key to the trouble. We have shed the straight-forward liquidationist attitude towards the Empire and accepted a policy of reformism ("development and welfare") whose end is by no means clear to any of us. Although we may push ahead with our reforms more zealously than the Tories, and be more consistent in putting native interests paramount; although this work of amelioration is absolutely essential and we cannot stray from the tasks to which we have set our hand; yet we feel in our bones—and the colonials tell us—that it is not enough. It is not enough as an answer to the increasingly strident cries of colonial nationalism; nor is it enough as an answer to our own consciences. That was why we accepted with such enthusiasm the new policies towards Egypt and India. We know that such measures cannot be applied to each of 50 small Colonies scattered over the globe, but we do not know *what* policy we can adopt towards them which would carry conviction that the British Empire, when run by Socialists, is not the old wolf flaunting a new sheepskin.

The impasse is a philosophical one, and the nemesis of our muddled thinking is now upon us. Labour will not be successful in its colonial work, or convince anyone that it differs from its predecessors, until it has enunciated its long-run policy towards the Empire in terms which are clear beyond cavil. It is no longer sufficient to point to abuses, colour bars, bad conditions, injustices; everyone knows about these. Nor is it sufficient to talk of "raising the standard of living" and "advance to self-government"; all Parties mouth these catch-phrases. Today, deeper thinking is needed, and some vision of the future which meets the emotional needs of the colonial peoples, and yet makes sense in the modern world. This vision is missing.

Nor is all the blame on the Ministers' shoulders. The Government draws its inspiration from the Party; yet, apart from the Imperial Advisory Committee, whose work gets very little attention, there is no machinery and not a single official at Transport House to give a thought to colonial problems, to meet people from the Colonies, to keep abreast of ideas and trends, and to brief M.P.s. Although the rank and file have vague feelings of sympathy, and would welcome a bold departure, they are given no education or direction. And the few M.P.s, the few groups here and there who are interested, get precious little encouragement. In this, Labour is no worse than other Parties, but the Colonies and the rest of the world have looked to it expectantly, and the disappointment is all the greater when it fails to give a lead.

RITA HINDEN

PARIS DIARY

LISTENING, in the elaborate splendour of the Luxembourg Palace, to a fantastically boring argument (with every speech translated into three languages) about whether Italy had "undertaken," "waged" or "unleashed" war, it was easy to see why journalists, officials and even delegates talk with contemptuous despair of this Paris Conference. Proceedings, they argue, are futile from the start; even if the best possible decisions are reached, what difference will it make? Decisions based on a simple majority will be "considered" by the Big Powers drafting the Treaties; those which are passed by a two-thirds majority will be "seriously considered." But then nothing can receive a two-thirds majority against the will of the Big Powers! And so on. Trivial arguments and insignificant debating points while the peoples starve, vital decisions are postponed (or taken elsewhere) and the Big Powers line up into hostile groups with the atom bomb threatening us all with destruction. No wonder cynicism, indifference and fatalism are the vogue. No wonder there are bitter complaints that the delegates behave like schoolboys and the more experienced observers sigh for a Briand or even a Henderson to introduce some idealism or common sense into the proceedings.

* * *

I do not wholly agree with this verdict. If the Treaties were made by the big victorious nations alone, the smaller Powers, which are vitally affected, would have a deep sense of grievance. It is right that they should have a chance of expressing themselves, and the fact that their recommendations are not legally binding does not mean that in practice they can be neglected. One obvious defect must be speedily remedied. If all the 250 tabled amendments are debated the Conference will last until Christmas or Kingdom Come. The first sensible break-through was achieved when the Chinese delegation moved an amendment (giving recognition to the resistance movement in Italy) on behalf of five nations, including the Yugoslavs. It was accepted by the United States, Britain and the U.S.S.R. It is ludicrous that there should be no Steering Committee to collate amendments before public discussion, and it is good news that the Big Powers are to meet on this matter of procedure. From this meeting some people hope great things. So far at this Conference the Russians sit alone in their hotel (some 400 of them), never even meeting, except formally, with the Americans (about 300 strong, I believe) or with the rather smaller British delegation at the Hotel Georges V. No longer are Byrnes and Molotov photographed shaking hands among a smiling crowd. Now, it is hoped, if they get together over procedure, perhaps they will deign to talk of other greater affairs and remember that they are not enemies (Mr. Bevin is said to have regarded it as "appeasement" to discuss things privately with Molotov!), but partners and allies engaged on a common task of peace-making.

* * *

Perhaps this is too much to expect at this stage. But there are good reasons to hope for more expeditious procedure. With the Uno Assembly and Social and Economic Council meeting next month in New York something must be done. There are not even enough translators to work all three conferences simultaneously. And then there are obvious difficulties about having so many V.I.P.s away for months from their respective Governments, and there may be special reasons why, for instance, Russians may wish to hasten the Treaty-making. How, for instance, can the discussions on the revision of the Montreux Convention begin until Rumania and Bulgaria have again acquired their old status? Already, I think, one sees signs that such considerations are having their effect. There are two tendencies in the Conference. The Soviet and the Western blocs do, it is true, line up against each other. Mr. Vyshinsky uses the period of translation to write a formal "reply" whenever any remarks are made that challenge any position taken up by the U.S.S.R. and its friends, while at plenary sessions the leaders of the two parties (as befits an embryonic Parliament) are applauded, automatically, by their supporters whenever they make a hit. But as against this natural evolution into political rival group, there is also a tendency for the Big Powers which have drafted the Treaties to stand together over them. The British now vote against Australia, and there was a significant moment when Mr. Vyshinsky dealt severely with the Yugoslav spokesman. The Big Powers have a common interest in supporting the Treaties for which they are responsible and this will mitigate their opposition, at least at this Conference.

* * *

People forget that men do not grow bigger because the issues before them are great. Ministers of State discussing the details of peace treaties in the full glare of publicity (which is absurd) show the same human characteristics as the local councillors of Pidlington discussing drains or rural housing. There is a tendency to feel that the other man must not have the last word, that you must "keep your end up," that you may be misunderstood by your constituents if you say nothing, that you must not let an opponent (or friend) "steal the limelight." Above all, there is a tendency to score argumentative points. Vyshinsky is not the only delegate with a legal mind: he is merely the ablest and most pertinacious of the lawyers present. I witnessed a peculiarly comic instance of this. Vyshinsky had begun by urging delegates to stick to the words and phrases of the draft Treaties on the ground that they had been carefully weighed and chosen by the Big Four. Shortly afterwards he agreed, in company with Britain and America, to the Chinese amendment referring to Italian resistance. The Australian delegate, Mr. Beasly (a devout and pugnacious Roman Catholic), was on his legs at once ragging Vyshinsky. He represented a Power which had always held that the Treaties were not "sacrosanct." He was glad to notice that Mr. Vyshinsky had already belied his own words and was voting for an amendment to this precious document, etc., etc. He scored a debating point? Perhaps. But the natural result was a tart rejoinder by Mr. Vyshinsky who said that if the Australian delegate was now pleased, it would not be for long! And how right he was! Since then there have been head-on collisions between the Russians and Australians who are reasonably accused of delaying matters by tabling thirty-three amendments. An even more ridiculous incident, in which the Slav bloc certainly scored heavily, was when the Australian delegate, discussing the rights of minorities, instanced South Africa, where Dutch and British joined hands after the Boer War, as a happy example of the correct treatment of minority issues! Mr. Manuilsky expressed astonishment at this example. He had heard, he said, that the Indian minority in South Africa felt themselves far from well treated. And was he also wrong in thinking that there were some black men in South Africa who did not share equal rights with the Whites? The South African delegate could do no more than make the lame get-out that the Indian minority problem was *sub judice*.

* * *

It was a relief one evening to escape from these wranglings into a more peaceful Oriental atmosphere. The Annamese, who have their own government in Indo-China, have sent a delegation to Paris to discuss the future relations of Viet-Nam (the Annamese Republic) with the French Government. Their attitude is very similar to that of the Indonesians towards the Dutch. They have won their independence during the Japanese war and have no intention of being ruled again by a Western Power. Their leader is Ho Chi Minh, a most impressive person who looks and speaks like a Buddhist priest, but who has in fact a remarkable life of action behind him. His colleagues are talented young men with charming manners and clear ideas. Their programme is national independence, food, clothing and education. In Indo-China I gather that a lively policy of reconstruction is afoot; one of its main features is the abolition of illiteracy. Thousands of students are voluntarily spending their time teaching the peasants to read and write. Like the Indonesians, the Annamese have become politically conscious, fervently nationalist, while at the same time readily admitting that they need technical and financial support from the West.

* * *

I had forgotten these last seven years how entrancing a city Paris is. It was deliciously uncrowded and like its old self, but without tourists, and with much less comfort and with the inequities of the black market behind its gracious facade. A new piece of history has been written; it is marked by bullet splashes here and there and plaques at street corners with bunches of flowers, and sometimes groups of citizens and F.F.I. commemorating where some man or woman of the Resistance was shot by the Germans. But whether one looks at pictures or at the extraordinary exhibition of tapestry which records the history of France for the last 500 years, or merely watches people having a meal in a *bistro*, it is always borne in upon one that no people have ever known so well as the French how to enjoy the pleasures of the flesh and the spirit. For one thing, no one was drunk, not even on Sunday, the 25th, Liberation Day, a new July 14th. In the morning outside the Hotel de Ville there was a military march past with recruits and *chasseurs* with their gay trumpets and double time marching; with men who were maimed in the war pushed in chairs, or hobbling on two wooden legs; with nurses and civilian workers and the F.F.I. From the plinth M. Bidault made a conventional speech, having arrived, I believe, so late that Molotov, with much sympathy from his diplomatic colleagues, decided not to wait for him. In the afternoon there was a monster procession of the youth of France; the new page of history was recorded when men of the *Maquis* went by, carrying branches from the woods where they had fought. At night there were fireworks and illuminations, and above all happy people dancing over the pavements. The fair of Montmartre was shutting when I went through at 2 o'clock in the morning, but there were still some groups who danced in the road. As I stopped and watched the dancing, a plain-clothes policeman took his revolver from his hip pocket and passed it to a friend near me, lest it should embarrass his dancing partner.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to W. J. White.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The Chairman, Mr. A. Woodley, referring to Great Missenden, said: "In May, 1944, the Ministry refused an application to build cottages because it was said the washing might be seen by the Prime Minister on his way to Chequers."—Report in *Evening Standard*.

My husband has refused to let me go hopping because he considers it a waste of effort now the beer is so weak.—Wife at a Kent court.—*Evening News*.

Two London girls who arrived in America in a cargo ship in May came back to Britain yesterday in another cargo vessel. They gave as their reason for leaving England that jitterbug dancing had been banned from a dance hall in their locality.—*Reynolds News*.

"It is all right for a Civil Servant to have a baby if she is single, but it means dismissal if she is married. It seems all wrong to me."—Letter in *Daily Mirror*.

THE RETURN TO PROSPERITY

[Fifteen years ago, when Britain and the world were in the depths of economic depression, there appeared in THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION *an article by Emil Davies entitled "The Pretended War," the underlying truth of which was so demonstrated by subsequent events that we took the unusual course of reprinting it in our issue of 7th August, 1943. The following article is from the same pen; whether or not it shows equal prescience time alone will show.]*

IN the Spring of 1965 the British Government gave one year's notice of its intention to cease playing the role of a Great Power, and indicated that it would thenceforth not be bound by any international agreements of a political nature, secret or public, except those arising out of its membership of Uno. Some of the results of the declining birthrate, which had started a century earlier, were becoming perceptible, and Government statisticians pointed out that whereas thirty years previously, in every hundred of population there were 23 children and only 12 old people, now the corresponding figures were 9 and 28 respectively, which meant a serious fall in the number of future workers. Indeed, the position threatened to be even worse, owing to emigration to the less heavily-taxed Dominions. Whereas in 1945 each child born in Britain inherited as his share of the National Debt a liability of £500, that figure was now nearer £800.

It had become evident even to the man-in-the-street that his country was what the City calls "over extended," and that with one-and-a-half million of her virile male population everywhere except at home, she was slowly bleeding to death both in man-power and wealth. People were beginning to compare their standard of living with that of countries whose governments did not play power politics—with Denmark, Switzerland and Sweden, and even Germany and Italy—which, released from the burden of enormous standing armies and the like, were sensibly directing the whole of their productive capacity to providing their own people with an ever increasing volume of food, goods and services. This the former enemy countries had done so successfully that they were able to dispense with further reparations from their victors.

The British decision naturally caused a sensation. The main Indian parties denounced it as a dirty trick to force them to take over the government of their country. The Greek dictator asked how, after twenty years of civil war, he could be expected to rule without the support of a British army; and the conflicting forces in Palestine were so taken aback that they called a truce and agreed to submit their differences to the Archbishop of Canterbury and to abide by his decision. The Dominions heartily approved of the Government's action, as it rendered less likely the possibility of their being dragged into Europe's future wars. The colonies and dependencies were told they could either assume self-government or place themselves under the United Nations Organisation. They showed little enthusiasm.

The British Government had for a considerable time realised its precarious position in world politics. For the first time in history the "Balance of Power" had become a fact, Russia and America being roughly equal in man-power, and productive capacity. By throwing her weight, diminishing as it might be, yet considerable, on either side Britain would destroy the balance; and, however doubtful the final result of an atomic and bacteriological war, there could be none regarding the fate of the disturbing element. The Government had wisely declined with thanks the American suggestion that Britain should join the U.S.A. in the form of five additional States, N. England, S. England, Scotland, Wales and N. Ireland.

Rid of the Great Power incubus, Britain started on the road of recovery. Reduction by 80 per cent. of her Army, Navy and Air Force estimates which, during the Second Peace, exceeded £500 millions per annum, gave immediate relief to the taxpayer. A useful by-product of this economy was the setting free for housing and business purposes of huge Government buildings no longer required, e.g. War Office annexes which were formerly hotels. Parliament, now that Britain was no longer endeavouring to act as maiden aunt to Europe and the world at large, had adequate time to give proper consideration to home affairs. It was evident that there was no prospect of Britain again becoming a coal-exporting country, and more and more man-power was diverted to the production of sufficient home grown food, a less difficult task now that the population was declining.

It is always interesting to trace the origin of an epoch-making event. In this case it arose from one of the Prime Ministers (the intelligent one) noticing a book on his secretary's desk, with the simple lettering VOLTAIRE. Thinking this was the name of a new game he took it home. By the time he had read *Candide* he realised that the quintessence of human wisdom lay in the final words of that masterpiece: *Cela est bien dit, mais il faut cultiver notre jardin.* He acted accordingly. Incidentally, he achieved the unique distinction of being the first British statesman to receive a word of commendation from Mr. Bernard Shaw, who signalised his 110th birthday in this fashion.

A. EMIL DAVIES

FILMS AND THE CHILD MIND

(BY A CORRESPONDENT)

HOW much longer will commercial enterprise be allowed to exploit the exhibition of films for children, subject only to a minimum amount of control, with all that this implies in the way of presenting unbalanced and often harmful standards of behaviour and morality to the growing child? Some months ago, *The Times* published an article which discussed the organised Cinema Clubs now attended by many thousands of children. Since then, teachers' organisations, Local Authorities, and other interested bodies have turned their attention to this problem.

The Social Survey has already shown that children between seven and fourteen go to the films more often than most adults. They see films, either alone or accompanied by adults, which are definitely unsuitable. Recent films which have been criticised include thrillers such as *Scarlet Street* and the *Spiral Staircase*, and stories of moral delinquency such as *Leave Her to Heaven* and *The Wicked Lady*. There are good reasons for insisting that films of this sort should not be seen by children under the age of fourteen. Yet research reveals, for instance, that girls of eleven have not only seen such films, but actually prefer them to U-films judged appropriate for their age. Children, particularly from the lower income groups, find these films "thrilling," though they admit they cause them nightmares. An illuminating example of the impact of the average film is given by the following statement made by a boy of fifteen to the author of a forthcoming book, *Sociology of Film*.

> The first film I saw was a dancing film and I very much remember trying to dance with my younger sister after seeing it. Later on, I saw *Snow White* but was simply terrified by the old witch. The scene which terrified me was when the witch came to Snow White's cottage in the wood and sold the apples. For months afterwards I would hate going to bed in the dark and would always sing very loudly to frighten the witch away.
>
> At about eleven I enjoyed love films very much; I still do. I have never really enjoyed war films like most boys. The films that stand out mostly in my mind are: *Snow White, Wizard of Oz, Robin Hood, Dawn Patrol, Gone with the Wind, My Friend Flicka*, and *Dragon Seed*. When I was small, I usually went with my grandfather about once a month. I now go twice in one day sometimes.
>
> I have imitated many things from the films, but mostly my hair has suffered. Yes, suffered. I used to bleach it in the bathroom. I copied smoking from the films. I started at nine and I am still going strong. When courting at school, I used to put flowers in my sweetheart's desk.
>
> My film idol is Errol Flynn and I fell madly in love with him after seeing *Dawn Patrol*. I think about him at night, pretend I am with him and dream about him. I have never felt about a film actress in this way.
>
> The only ambition I have had from the films is to become a film star. I have often tried to run away from home. The films make me want to go to America. I have always been dissatisfied with home. I want a terrific house, with tennis courts and swimming baths. I want plenty of servants, but I should always want to make my own bed. The films have also taught me to look down on neighbours, and I think them ugly, fat, and ignorant.
>
> The films taught me to tell lies and become sly and to steal. They have also taught me a great deal about sex. At the age of twelve the average child knows a lot more than parents would think. *Fanny by Gaslight* is a good example. I could almost guarantee that every child over fourteen knew what had been going on when the maid picked up the cuff-links from under her mistress' bed.

In April an Area Commandant of the Girls' Training Corps wrote a letter to the *West Herts. and Watford Observer*, expressing her disgust at an American film shown in a Watford cinema. *Shock*, she wrote, is "a morbid film which sets out to excite and horrify. I wonder how many children would submit to an injection having seen the film. Will it destroy some people's confidence in doctors and clinical treatment?" The correspondent said she talked to a child of ten after the film who said she was frightened both by the injections and by the murder in the film. An elderly woman who had undergone clinical treatment and was worried that she would become ill again, said "she would be terrified if she had further treatment."

A reply to this letter from the Gaumont-British Corporation says that "this film had an 'A' certificate which specifically precluded children from seeing it, unless, of course, they were brought to the theatre by their parents or *bona fide* guardian. Thus you will agree that the onus on bringing children to see this film is placed entirely on the public. . . . The granting of a censorship certificate to a film is not lightly undertaken and is subject to many years' experience and vigiliance of such methods." The reply also stated that the censorship certificate was issued by "the authority appointed by the Government."

This raises two points. The first is that parents are not usually well enough equipped in child psychology to judge whether the children are harmfully affected by films or not. In any case, every cinema admits scores of children who merely pick up some stranger who purchases their ticket for them. The second is that the British Board of Film Censors is appointed, not by the Government, but by the film industry itself.

Not much is known about the activities of the Board, but it appears to work on the most arbitrary basis. It can refuse an "A" certificate to Steinbeck's moving *Forgotten Village* and pass scenes in *The Wicked Lady*, which were deleted for American audiences. It will award an "A" certificate impartially to a horror feature like *The Secret of Dr. Renault* and a charming film like *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, which is suitable for any child over ten, or an "U" certificate to an unedifying farce like *Somewhere in Camp*.

What can be done to change this situation? Is the solution the early establishment of a State Film Censorship in place of a Board which is subject to no public control? The State Board might be in the care of the Lord President of the Council and be composed of representatives from local authorities and from educational, artistic, religious and similar bodies. The present system of censorship allows freedom to an industrial monopoly to exert a potentially dangerous control of taste and morality which may work quite contrary to the aims which enlightened education would seek to achieve. There could be safeguards to prevent the State abusing its powers of censorship. Moreover, State censorship would be amenable both to Parliamentary and public criticism. Its precise form and powers are obviously a matter for debate. But can the principle be denied any longer when ample evidence is forthcoming about the undesirable social consequences of the commercial cinema?

A PAGE FROM FELIKS TOPOLSKI'S NUREMBERG NOTEBOOK

DOENITZ RAEDER SAUCKEL JODL
GÖRING VON SCHIRACH KEITEL

Six hours a day, in dead artificial air, in the shadowless brightness of dead-white lamps, twenty-one accused men face judges, counsel, and the operetta-like U.S. military policemen. Around them revolves the whole tremendous machinery of the trial. Swarms of men and women trot round the corridors, sway in their office-chairs, giggle at the chocolate-and-gum counters of the "Post Exchange"; clash, unite, divide over forms, priorities, facilities and prestige of doubtful importance; gorge their meals in haste, gossip feebly over the artificial intercourse of life in the graveyard of Nuremberg.

* * *

The twenty-one men in the dock ache for diversion, nudge one another about a peroxide-curled girl in the gallery. Only the public, always changing, gloats, searches for sensation: opera-glasses in the prettily-gloved paws of plump wives and over-powdered girl friends of the M.G. officials; German Jews gaping, still scared, recognising.

One is amazed, at first, by the tame obedience of the prisoners to the rules of the game. Do they accept its lawfulness, and why?

Göring, at close quarters, petrifies. Thinner, but his huge face still lion-like, he yawns, chuckles, prattles, stretches, leans forward, poses grandly, is lively, quick-sighted, dangerous—a large-dimension adventurer; confident, because he has made the decision. The others (except stunted Hess) still fight for life, and hope troubles them, pales their faces with fear.

Raeder (old broken man-at-arms) listens to his counsel's pronouncements with horrifying concentration. Keitel, hawklike, tragic, broods on defeat. Kaltenbrunner—like a trapped bandit, stupefied but feigning indifferent dignity—remains watchful. Doenitz is both grotesque and tragic: his Junker pride turned to absurdity, he still retains its bearing emptied of content. Schacht—intellectual *blagueur*—creates discord, arrogant in his suppleness, more and more sure of his safety. Frank hides behind dark glasses, ear-phones, pale tufty baldness—the shabby mask of a "kitsch" villain, who interwove ruthlessness with the sloppy romanticism of his love-life.

Streicher, a broken cripple; Funk, Sauckel—the rabid victims of complexes, of the jealous chase after physical valour, after Valhalla. Soldier, careerist, aristocrat, intellectual, adventurer, brute, fool, swindler, or degenerate—the most shattering are the faces that could be labelled "normal," that prove ever present evil, that could be replaced by anybody from the public gallery.

The men of the Tribunal have the dummy faces of the Law of England, or Russia, or France, or America—abstract creatures moulded into their traditional shapes of Judges.

* * *

The court drains one's energy; the bedlam of little contacts, promises, drinks, "who's whos" saps one's alertness. The drama is performed against the constant interferences of whispers, smiles, diversions; the background weighs heavily on the show, shatters with its trivial comedy one's sense of Judgment and Retribution.

The people of the court have their "fancies." "Göring's in good form to-day" gaily announces an Allied lawyer; "Frick was suicidal again," they worry; a woman-journalist, writing Frank's story, talks of him with intimate understanding. A British prosecutor, in the "pissoir," to a German counsel: "I enjoyed your excellent speech."

Propped by the seemingly careless, bored theologians of law, with rare outbursts of emotion diffused in endless speeches on military rulings, neutral seas and justified invasions, trickling drop by drop with history—the Trial wades its way towards JUSTICE.

* * *

The blank, clear day outside disquiets. The division of the Court (Guilty *versus* Judges—Defeated *versus* Victors) disappears. Ivy-like life crawls over and submerges the borderline. War's heroic simplicity of good and bad has ended. Justice grows many-faced, projects itself on the future, or looks back to the beginnings of guilt, or loses its track in the jungle of social and national biology.

Against the crashed vistas of Nuremberg an old woman under an umbrella drifts after her daily anxieties, joins the bread-queue, cries over her loneliness; a legless boy plots revenge against odds; another confides in American ears his hatred of Russia; an elderly man, who was fat and bull-necked once (his face fallen in, his nape in grisly bulges, his suit hanging over a still surviving belly), pleads "*Bitte schön*"; a girl and a black soldier laugh, holding hands—gloom and longing dispersed; a D.P. Pole in American blue-tinted uniform, lost and alone, looks for direction.

In the far-stretching desolation, a child stoops, pulls at a weed and says to her mother: "*O, schöne Blümchen.*"

FELIKS TOPOLSKI

RADIO NOTES

I AM taking over while Mr. Sackville West is on holiday. August is not a good listening month. Listeners are apt to be out of reach of their sets, and in parts of the country where London programmes are feint and distorted. This affects music badly; the proms, and Desmond Shawe-Taylor's monthly record programme, were sadly handicapped last week. The spoken word is less dependent on distance. And the pleasantest performances each week at present are Harold Nicolson's Paris talks. In both manner and matter they are as near perfect as may be. In a radio world largely gluey with false bonhomie, smug with ecquiescent stooges, pompous with consequential or simple-minded bores, hearty with illiterates, this easy, civilized, sophisticated voice, commenting so knowledgeably on current affairs, enriching with ironic humour happenings whose painful urgency it makes no attempt to mimimize, at once reassures us as to the values of civilization and hints with exquisite regret at its impending doom. The other two Paris commentators are intelligent, concise and worried; but Mr. Nicolson is in an altogether different class. His manner has overtones and undertones that make most commentors sound crude and over simple. Clifton Utley, boldly and admirably tackling American negroes, yet threw no light on that darkness. Alexander Werth, wisely now relegated to describing Russian landscape, discoursed pleasantly on the Caucasus; it was, no doubt, not his fault that he did not attempt to elucidate Soviet policy. And it is not the B.B.C.'s fault that there are so few first-rate commentators on world affairs. Vernon Bartlett is one; he should be heard more often.

The radio medium is sticky with temptations. I have suggested a few of them: bonhomie, pompousness, stooginess. Alas that fine radio personalities, of whom Granma Buggins is indubitably one, should be caught into any of these. It was disconcerting to hear this anarchic old lady involved in a programme about the clean and scientific management of teashops, dragged round the works by a smug bore, and made a recipient of propaganda dope about how beautifully everything was run. One hoped in vain that Granma would throw a spanner into the works with one of her disillusioned comments; but she came near instead to being the accepting stooge. If this uneducable old cynic is to desert the amoral irresponsibility that she shares with the brothers Marx, and to be tainted with the social complacency suggestive of a Marxism so sadly inferior, then no radio character is safe from blight.

This radio blight is more easily recognised than analysed. It is a creeping miasma, that may taint with dullness, silliness, pompousness, pretentious whimsy; (not plain vulgarity; this is merely registered and transmitted from life; it has nothing to do with radio technique). It made William Cowper a little duller last week than he need have been; it spotted with irrelevant music (that eternal damned radio music, like the accompaniment to a film) a programme about an American "discovering" Britain; it saccharines the Children's Hour and the Caledonian voices of the children's keepers; it invents tones of the greatest falseness in which to read aloud letters from famous persons; it turns what should be straight information into unctuous edification. It should be blasted wherever observed.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*Sunday, Sept.* 1. Gerald Barry (1.10 p.m.); Concert (3 p.m.); The Holy Sonnets of John Donne (B. Britten, N. Ireland, 6.30 p.m.); A Country Parson (W. R. Rodgers, 7 p.m.).

Tuesday. French Politics (L.P. 3 p.m.); Arthur Bliss (9.15 p.m.).

Wednesday. Science Survey (10 p.m.).

Thursday. Sorry You've Been Troubled (7.55 p.m.).

Friday. Stravinsky (Herbert Murrill, L.P. 10.40 a.m.); The Man Without a Mask (9.30 p.m.); Three contemporary Greek Poets (11.30 p.m.).

Saturday. The Liars (9.20 p.m.).

J. V. STE-MAXIME

The Decca recording of Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*, conductor Ansermet, is by the London Philharmonic and not by the London Symphonic Orchestra, as stated in last week's issue.

JOTTINGS

National Gallery. Two Canalettos lent by the Duke of Richmond showing the views from front and back of Richmond House between Whitehall and Thames. The beauty of mid-Eighteenth Century London delights; what we have made of it appals. (Progress makes buildings hideous, literature gloomy and men more efficiently bloody; we save by hygiene only to vex with ugliness and to kill with bombs.) Canaletto at his best no end of a swell, and this view of the Thames is second only to *The Stonemason's Yard.* Figures a touch too fluent and pretty, but what space, what luminosity, what refinement of handling—and a handling that except in the figures is tight. Here Canaletto rediscovers secret of Quattrocento painters. How observed too the contrast between slatey water and turquoise sky. A picture to dwell upon—and with. Find myself quite wanting to be a Duke.

Tate Gallery. Excitement of receeing old loves, Corot, Degas, Seurat. And some novelties. A landscape by John Brett whom I took at first to be a neo-Romantic contemporary, odd forms half Art Nouveau, half surrealist. But Brett travelled with Ruskin in the Fifties. A wise acquisition though aesthetically null. Simon Bussy's *Lady Strachey* both a good portrait and a good picture. How rare this combination has become! Indeed, I don't know a better portrait by a living man. Hoppner, Seascape with figures, not new but I'd never noticed it—and even now the glass makes it almost invisible. Very curious because of its date, 1794: in feeling, alas not in execution, it anticipates Delacroix, and was painted before his birth. Touching this Robin Ironside makes interesting suggestion about Shakespeare's influence on late Eighteenth Century English painters. A roomful of Turners, mostly late, better shown than ever before in my experience. The audacity of the old warlock! Representation and design alike dismissed in order to exploit further resources of colour and *matière.* If ever a painter flung a pot of paint in the face of the public it was Turner. And Ruskin swallowed this camel while straining at the Whistler gnat!

ROGER MARVELL

THE MOVIES

"The Stranger," at the Gaumont
"Monsieur Beaucaire," at the Plaza
"Mr. Ace," at the London Pavilion

Did Orson Welles ever realise that the greatness of *Citizen Kane* was due to something more than its display of technical virtuosity? Its theme was fresh and important: the treatment was unusually intelligent. It opened up new possibilities in the cinema as a medium for the exploration of personality. But, to judge from the successive disappointments of his recent work, it also made us expect too much from Orson Welles. Style alone, especially when it relapses into mannerisms is not enough to make poor material into a good film. The fantastic plot and the stereotyped angle replace imaginative realism and technical novelty.

The Stranger goes one worse than its predecessor. No amount of juggling with lights and camera can make it much better than the stock Hollywood thrillers, most of which have learnt the elementary rule of keeping the audience in suspense. This plot holds nothing back. The War Crimes Commission cannot trace one of the leading Nazis. One of his subordinates is released in the hope that he will immediately establish contact. Of course, he does. Closely followed by the dogged Allied investigator (Edward G. Robinson) he reaches the little Connecticut town where his former chief has hidden out. Enter Orson Welles. To his boys he seems an admirable professor in a high-class school. To his loyal wife (Loretta Young) he is apparently devoted. Even his father-in-law suspects nothing, though, as befits a judge of the Supreme Court, his affection is a trifle reserved. But Orson Welles does not fool either the audience or the slower Mr. Robinson. Nor does he try. Yet for another seventy minutes he is unaccountably left at liberty to terrify his wife, poison her dog, indulge at length in his hobby of clock-repairing and generally give an imitation of Orson Welles acting a hunted man. Nothing in this story convinces except an admirable performance by Billy House as the village storekeeper—the one character who manages to suggest that you might, possibly, meet him somewhere off the screen. There are rare moments when the round-track or the action—recall the talent which has so obviously run to seed in this picture.

The producers are honest enough to admit that *Monsieur Beaucaire* retains only the title and period of Booth Tarkington's novel. France and Spain are on the verge of war. Bob Hope is the barber at the court of Louis XV who, mistaken for one of the Pompadour's playboys, is nearly married off to a Spanish princess to avert conflict. The background is tedious, extravagantly decorated and unnecessary. Bob Hope, who can be funny in face of almost any difficulty, nearly succumbs beneath the load this fatuous story and its stagey cast impose on him. But if you enjoy Bob Hope, as I do, his valiant efforts stave off boredom for the first half-hour.

We have surely seen *Mr. Ace* many times before. The suave Mr. Raft, the racketeer with a heart of gold, intends that city politics shall stay dirty. Sylvia Sydney, the plucky little Congresswoman with her heart on her sleeve, intends to clean them up. With a little help on the sly from her old professor of political science—and the secret backing of Mr. Raft—hey presto! it is done. But who cares? There are no murders, no humour, no action, nothing but Mr. Raft and Miss Sydney.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

(*Mr. Whitebait is on holiday*)

VOX POPULI!

The return of King George is purely an internal question to be decided by the Greek people . . . the King will be returned by a 70 per cent. majority at least. M. *Tsaldaris.* Observer, *July* 11.

THE voice of Greece will vote for Restoration,
The Monarchy will shortly be declared,
The plebiscite precedes the coronation
For which King George is said to be prepared.
Though long deprived of public acclamation
His Majesty has never quite despaired;
Submissive kings await the people's nod,
They know the people's voice the voice of God.

Greece, blessed with full and free and fair election
(Assurance of political content)
Has used the interval of cool reflection
To purge the opposition element
Till pledges of her royalist affection
May rival Hitler's ninety-nine per cent.
(Though people vote to kiss the despot's rod
The people's voice remains the voice of God.)

Free from all trace of foreign intervention
The people have revised electoral rolls
To guard against subversion and abstention
And to disqualify departed souls,
The Government directing its attention
Alike towards the prisons and the polls;
(Though some are silenced by the firing squad,
The people's voice still speaks the will of God.)

Amid the world-wide welter of confusion
How democratic credit is renewed
As Greece announces a foregone conclusion
With mathematical exactitude,
And, cured of her political delusion,
Ends at the throne her ideologic feud!
The democratic voter is no clod,
The people's voice must be the voice of God!

Democracy in Greece is not divided,
The old regime has checked the voter's list,
The people's verdict's in advance decided,
The old Republican turns Monarchist.
By instinct and by wisdom doubly guided
The voice of Greece is purely Populist.
And yet, and yet . . . "The people's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God."

SAGITTARIUS

GIVE YOUR FRIENDS ABROAD "N.S.& N." Subscriptions. Supplies for **OVERSEAS** are now unrestricted. **A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION** to any address in the world costs: Yearly, 32*s.* 6*d.* Six months, 16*s.* 3*d.* Three months, 8*s.* 6*d.* **BY AIR** to any country in Europe £2 7*s.* 6*d.* yearly, and to other countries by special quotation.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½*d.; Foreign,* 1*d.; Canada,* 1*d.*

Correspondence

UNRRA IN GREECE

SIR,—Publicity has been given, rather belatedly, to the misuse of Unrra food supplies in Greece for political purposes. Misdirection of supplies has been going on from the time at which Unrra took over.

To understand the ways in which the food can be used for political coercion, it is necessary to know something of the method of distribution in Greece. Unrra's direct responsibility ends with delivery at the docks, and from thence the responsibility is the Greek Government's. The food is handled by the Agrarian Bank of Greece, acting for the Greek Government, and is sent by them to various centres. The function of Unrra is to assist in the organisation of the distribution and is in the main advisory. Since the Greek Government has to bear the cost of transport expenses and administration, it was agreed that some charge should be made for each ration, but that in no case was food to be withheld because of inability to pay for it. To overcome this difficulty, a system was worked out whereby the population was classified into three categories: "destitute," "half-destitute" and "wealthy." The latter term is a misnomer since it applies to those people who can afford to pay for the ration but are not necessarily wealthy. Determination of who belongs to which category devolves in the main on parish or village committees, or in some cases special committees. Their decisions are subject to the approval of a Distribution Committee in the appropriate Distribution Centre. It is in the make-up and the activities of these various committees that political discrimination takes place.

The village committees and for that matter the Central Distribution Committees are not elected by popular vote, but are appointed by the Government. The Nomarch, as head of the Nomos, which corresponds roughly to our County Council area, has almost dictatorial powers, and can appoint and dismiss village committees as he thinks fit. As the Nomarch is appointed by the existing Government, this means that village committees nearly everywhere are all of one political party. The Central Distribution Committees, as they centre round the Nomarch, usually consist of his friends, nearly always of the same political party.

In consequence, many villages which could not produce a committee to the satisfaction of the Nomarch had their supplies withheld. The Central Distribution Committees also had the right to alter the decisions of the village committees as regards food distribution, and this led to a ridiculous situation. Arbitrary percentages of "destitute" were arbitrarily fixed by the Central Committee, and village committees had to make out their lists accordingly. At the meetings at which these figures were made out the Unrra representative was allowed to sit in, and it was rather disturbing for him to hear such remarks as "The village of T——, they're nearly all Communists. Fix them at 10 per cent." One Nomarch refused to visit the villages to see what the conditions were really like, because, as he himself admitted, he might be killed by the villagers. So much for his popularity, but it is interesting to note that he was a Nomarch right through the German occupation.

Then there is the case of a village president, who was afraid to live in his village, collecting and stealing four months' supply of food and refusing to give it to the people because they were "Communist."

In the case of 169 villages in one area, proven misappropriations occurred in 97; whilst in my own area I personally investigated 17 cases in which there was proven misappropriation. In every case there was a political feud in the village, and in most cases the village committee belonged to the minority party. Since the elections in Greece the extent of discrimination has been intensified.

It is obvious that in a country that has undergone a political upheaval it is fatal to leave so much of the control of the food distribution in the hands of the authorities. I would hate to think that other cases might occur like the death of the poor consumptive youth from whom food was withheld because he was ex-Elas, and who might have died even sooner had I not prolonged his life a little by giving him some of my own rations.

RELIEF WORKER

THE SERVICEMEN AND UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—The article in your recent issue on University education lacked any proposals for immediate improvement on the present situation. May I therefore, as a student directly concerned, and invalided from the Army, make some suggestions which might be of use to the appropriate authorities?

First, to obviate the necessity of writing for admission to every University in the country, would it be practicable to have a central register of all University vacancies to which applications could be sent? Through this body a more equitable distribution of students might be arranged.

The American and Canadian Governments gave their Service men and women some admirable short courses in this country last year, from which example the Ministry of Education might inaugurate a temporary scheme for those of us deprived of normal University education.

In desperation I have had to apply abroad to various Universities, although this will mean mastering a foreign language. May I therefore appeal to whatever authority bears the responsibility that the time for action is now.

JOHN W. G. SANDIFORD

SHORTAGE OF TEACHERS

SIR,—One of the main factors contributing to the inevitable delay in implementing the new educational reforms is shortage of teachers. To overcome this difficulty the Ministry of Education launched an Emergency Recruitment and Training of Teachers Scheme.

My own experiences in trying to become one of the country's new teachers do not inspire confidence in the administration of this scheme.

At the end of last year, while serving in the army in Italy, I applied to be considered as a candidate for a course of training under the Scheme.

In January I returned to the United Kingdom on release, and, in accordance with instructions contained upon my original application form, I immediately notified the Ministry of Education of my release and of my civilian address.

Two or three days after my return to civilian life I received a formal acknowledgment of my original application, stating that "arrangements will be made for you to be interviewed as soon as possible."

I heard no more until August 21st, more than seven months after my release, when a letter addressed to me at home, giving me my former army rank, and marked in red letters "Please Forward," was delivered.

This letter informs me that "candidates returning to this country for demobilisation will be interviewed as soon as possible after their return on giving the necessary notification to the Ministry. In addition, the Ministry will endeavour to make special arrangements for applicants serving overseas to be interviewed if they return to the United Kingdon on leave or posting. You should, therefore, furnish the Ministry with the following information as far in advance of your return to this country as possible:—(*a*) Date of arrival in this country; (*b*) date of return overseas (if applicable); (*c*) address in this country."

The letter goes on to urge me to notify the Ministry of any change in my service address, and concludes, "You should also inform the Ministry, in due course, of the date of your demobilisation."

As I am a married man with one child, and as I had no intention of becoming a public charge while awaiting the Ministry of Education's pleasure, I obtained employment many months ago.

Monkey

Translated by
ARTHUR WALEY

"It romps down eternity and the universe with a raillerie, a tenderness, a pure abandon that personally I find enchanting . . . the translation, from beginning to end, is exactly, beautifully right" — G. W. STONIER in *New Statesman*.

"Told with immense gusto . . . full of laughable entertainment"—*Manchester Guardian Weekly*.

"A delightful and unusual book"—*Queen*.

5th impression. 12s. 6d. *net.*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

Ready To-day

Ashley Smith's

new novel

YOU FORGET SO QUICKLY

is set in the critical week of the Munich Conferences in September, 1938. The late Geoffrey West, writing of this book, said: "I feel that if people to-day, to-morrow, or fifty years hence, want to know not so much the fact as the feeling of those September days, and the feeling not of the intellectual but of the ordinary folk, they will find more of the reality in these pages than anywhere else I know . . . A man who can achieve a thing like this is one of the real artists of our time."

8s. 6d. *net*

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Sixty-third issue

THE YEAR'S ART

1942—1944
Compiled by
A. C. R. CARTER

A concise epitome of all matters relating to the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, Engraving and Architecture

This unique volume contains over 70 beautiful illustrations and two magnificent plates in full colour by George Stubbs, A.R.A. *Printed throughout on superb art paper.* £3.3.0

Author of "THE SPANISH FARM"

R. H. MOTTRAM's

BUXTON the LIBERATOR

The Times Literary Supplement: "It is as a record of character and period that Mr. Mottram's book strongly interests. Well and clearly set forth." *With 9 illustrations.* 16/-

HUTCHINSON
& Co. (Publishers) Ltd.
Largest of Book Publishers

READY NOW

D. M. Stuart

THE ENGLISH ABIGAIL

An absorbing and entertaining study of the English maidservant down the ages, by the author of *Regency Roundabout*, etc.
Illustrated. 15s.

David Pilgrim

THE EMPEROR'S SERVANT

Four long-short stories told by Armand de Blanchegarde, describing his adventures as a young aide-de-camp in Napoleon's army. 7s. 6d.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.

I have now written withdrawing my application.

For some years I had been interested in education, and, like other men I met in the services, I was prepared to make a financial sacrifice by entering the teaching profession.

I hope that mine has been an isolated instance of official dilatoriness depriving the schools of a potential teacher. R.H.

SARDINIA AND THE JEWS

SIR,—Every day it is more and more obvious that the Jewish problem cannot be solved, at present, by immigration in Palestine only. Other countries will have to open their doors to Jewish settlers. One possibility for immediate immigration would be the island of Sardinia.

Few people know how suitable for new settlements is this Italian province. The Fascist government, under Mussolini, had a big scheme for the settlement of Italians in this island, and did a great amount of work in this direction. The works, undertaken in the last years before the war, include building of roads, regulation of rivers, reclamation of marshes and irrigation of fields. Even artificial lakes have been formed, so as to provide Sardinia with electric power.

Sardinia is as big as Palestine and thinly populated—less than one million inhabitants. The natural resources are very rich. The soil is fertile, and agriculture could be flourishing, as it was in the time of Ancient Rome. Sardinia owns many excellent mines. There are good harbours (Cagliari, Terranova) and trade could easily be developed. The present backwardness of the province is mainly due to historical reasons. Malaria, has been greatly reduced.

Of great help for the immigration would be the fact that land is mainly owned by the State and the municipalities.

Italy, no doubt, must herself think about the problem of her surplus population. But for her the problem is less acute and the future of her colonies has still to be decided. The Jews need immediate help. It would be contrary to reason and justice to keep thousands of Jews in misery and despair, when there is, in the middle of the Mediterranean sea, and almost empty, a rich and beautiful garden.

STEVAN ZIVADINOVIC

PALESTINE COMMITMENT

SIR,—In your Comments for August 24th you state that "We are employing five divisions of troops" in Palestine, in addition to Police, R.A.F., Navy, and T-J F.F. This figure of five divisions is contrasted with the one extra division which Mr. Bevin was so unwilling to employ.

Without wishing to dissent from the general case you make, I must query the accuracy of your information. My own sources inform me that we are employing two divisions (the 1st Infantry and the 5th Airborne) and one Independent Brigade (the 31st). In addition there may be some troops of the 1st Armoured division in the country, as this formation is in the process of relieving the 5th Airborne. This information was confirmed in the B.B.C. 9 o'clock News for August 24th.

At the time of Mr. Bevin's remark at Bournemouth, the 1st Infantry division was reforming in Egypt, but it was generally understood that this was only a temporary absence from the country. The number of fighting units in Palestine has been constantly varying during the last two years, but this has been mainly the result of demobilisation and reforming of depleted formations and not of political policy. Certainly, at no time in the last two years (nor, I am confident, in the last six), have we employed five divisions in Palestine. Such a number would be far in excess of any requirements, even the most extreme.

However, I felt at the time (being then in Palestine), that Mr. Bevin's remark was unfounded; and it is clear that the *present* tension will require a further division. So that your criticism seems to be fundamentally sound. BORIS FORD

THE HINDU-MUSLIM FEUD

SIR,—Mr. H. N. Brailsford's glib statement that the Hindu-Muslim feud was "largely created by Tory policy" is about as fabulous as would be the claim that Mr. Churchill was personally and solely responsible for the creation of Soviet Russia. The Hindu-Muslim feud is rooted in history. How deep are those roots, and how widespread their ramifications is best explained by Mr. Jinnah himself. These were his words to me, two years ago:

> We are different *beings* from the Hindus. There is *nothing* in life which links us together. Our names, our clothes, our foods—they are all different; our economic life, our educational ideas, our treatment of women, our attitude to animals . . . we challenge each other at every point of the compass.

And all this, Mr. Brailsford, is the "creation of Tory policy?" Why not write another article explaining, in your vivid prose, how Mr. Baldwin invented the sacred cow? BEVERLEY NICHOLS

[No-one denies that there are fundamental differences in the outlook on life of Hindus and Muslims, though the two have also much in common. But cultural contrasts need not make a political feud. The fatal step was Lord Minto's segregation of the two communities in separate constituencies. The simplest answer to Mr. Jinnah's exaggerations is that he was himself, through the greater part of his adult life, an Indian Nationalist, and a permanent member of Congress.—*Ed. N.S. & N.*]

AUSTRIAN CHILDREN

SIR,—Reports from Unrra and other sources suggest that Austria is probably the country suffering most seriously as a result of the present crisis in Europe and we are particularly concerned at the effect of these conditions on the children. Permission has been given by the Home Office to bring up to 200 children, between the ages of ten and fourteen, whose health is being undermined by the lack of food, to this country for a period of recuperation. British families have generously offered hospitality and the problem is now one of transport only.

Owing to its special circumstances, the Austrian Government is unable from its depleted resources to contribute more than a small part of the cost of bringing the children here, and we are, therefore, appealing to the people of this country for assistance in raising the necessary sum to make it possible for these children to come. Approximately £15 will be needed for each child.

It is hoped to be able to bring the children to England at the beginning of September, but everything depends upon the response to this appeal. Will those who feel they would like to help please send a donation as soon as possible to "Friends of Austria," 4a Inverness Place, London, W.2.

BEVERIDGE
M. I. CORBETT ASHBY
PETER FREEMAN, M.P.
JAMES HUDSON, M.P.
NOEL MASON-MACFARLANE

BRITISH ZONE

SIR,—In an H.Q. town in Germany, where barbed wire surrounds the sacred precincts of Army quarters there are available for recreational purposes three football grounds, five tennis grounds and one stadium that has been converted into a cricket ground. Other lots of land, that were football grounds before we took over, have been used as parking lots. Some more suitable grounds are situated a little way outside the town and are at present not in use.

Recently it was decided that the existing facilities were not sufficient and in order to provide more football grounds the powers that be gave notice that they would requisition—outside the perimeter—about 12 acres of the most fertile soil that are now bearing the so-much needed grain. Thus, while other perfectly good grounds are lying unused, here the top layer of rich earth will be taken off in order to make the land suitable for play—and this at a time when "every square inch" is the official motto.

SERGFANT

Ready Sept. 5

MODERN MARRIAGE

by

EDWARD F. GRIFFITH
M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

This book deals with all the various problems of marriage and family life. Since publication it has gone into eighteen editions and has now been completely rewritten and brought up to date. Forewords have been contributed by Lord Horder, Canon T. W. Pym and Mr. Claud Mullins.

7s. 6d.

METHUEN

NOW AVAILABLE

THUNDERBOLTS

MAJOR-GENERAL
J. F. C. FULLER

"Then shall the right aimed thunderbolts go abroad, and, as from a well-drawn bow, shall they fly to the mark."—WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

This book written in a vigorous concise style, interesting throughout and frequently challenging, will appeal to everyone, particularly military historians and politicians.

"General Fuller is soldier, prophet of blitzkrieg historian, traveller and philosopher. He is widely read. For his wit we thank heaven, since—though he infuriates us often and of set purpose—he *never bores us*."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"General Fuller remains one of the most stimulating of our military writers."—THE LISTENER.

"The Author is probably the most brilliant thinker on military problems of this generation." THE SPECTATOR.

Large Demy. 12/6 *net.*

FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS.

SKEFFINGTON & SON, LTD.

Government Publications

HOW BRITAIN WAS FED IN WARTIME

The Story of Food Control for the six years of war.

Price 1s. (*by post* 1s. 2d.)

NATIONAL FARM SURVEY 1941-1943

A comprehensive summary of the facts and figures relating to farming in England and Wales.

Price 2s. (*by post* 2s. 2d.)

PUBLICATIONS of the UNITED NATIONS in AMERICA

including the **United Nations Weekly Bulletin** (*Annual subscription* 30s.) will shortly be available in the United Kingdom.

Complete list of available titles in preparation.

H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE

LONDON, W.C.2 - York House, Kingsway
Post Orders - P.O. Box No. 569, London, S.E.1
MANCHESTER 2 - 39-41, King Street
EDINBURGH 2 - 13a, Castle Street
CARDIFF - 1, St. Andrew's Crescent
BELFAST - 80, Chichester Street
or through any bookseller

In its practical bearing Rationalism is another name for Reason. Everyone uses his reason to some extent, and the more he uses it the more of a Rationalist he is, for Rationalism is simply the application of Reason and common sense to the fundamental problems of life. Many things, such as the meaning and purpose of the Universe, are beyond our experience and understanding, but the Rationalist seeks the truth right up to the limits of the human mind. In this he differs from the orthodox, who supplement their knowledge and experience with assumptions they cannot verify. The Rationalist prefers to keep an open mind with regard to the questions of ultimate truth, for he believes that it is wrong to pretend knowledge where there can be no knowledge.

★

All thinking men and women should write for particulars of membership to THE RATIONALIST PRESS ASSOCIATION LIMITED, 5 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE Scarlet Tree, by Osbert Sitwell (*Macmillan*, 15s.), has an advantage over many autobiographies: it is written by an experienced novelist, who is here turning into art a richer material than he has used elsewhere, and who is partly employing the novelist's craft in shaping it. Who else but a novelist would contrive the checks upon racing Time which we find in this book, the disposition of a heavy emphasis here, a light one there, the holding back of an explanation till "later," the anticipations, the use of suspense, and above all the carefully-timed entrances and re-entrances of the characters? In biography Sir Osbert Sitwell's contrivances would be intolerable; in autobiography they are a blessing. There is something else which strikes one as one compares this book with a novel: because this is life, and not fiction, certain characters with traits which would in a novel be unacceptable outside the broadest farce are acceptable here. Where, in a novel, after our acquaintance with a character, has extended over several hundred pages, could we believe the statement that he had "invented a musical toothbrush which played 'Annie Laurie' as you brushed your teeth, and a small revolver for shooting wasps?" Sir George Sitwell, the author's father, is said to have invented both of these; perhaps they worked; but we should be rather incensed by the idea in a novel. So that, throughout, *The Scarlet Tree* has all the virtues of a large-scale discursive *roman fleuve*, with none of the restrictions of probability that a serious novelist has to impose on himself.

There is plenty to make the reader laugh in this autobiography; there are many exquisite comic miniatures where absurdities are highly packed into a small space, as in the account of two of the author's elder cousins:

> But, in fact, they got on well together, in spite of their differing so often in the opinions they put forward. In the past, however, certain disputes had taken place occasionally, so that each sister has pasted somewhere on every article of furniture belonging to her—whether it were an oak chair, a table, a bronze, a chased-silver photograph-frame, or merely a Japanese vase full of last year's pampas-grass—a label, which bore on it in clear, black, decisive letters, admitting of no question, the name FLORA or FREDERICA. Thus, if either of them decided of a sudden to quit, she could accomplish it immediately, departing with her own belongings and without the possibility of further discord.

But in its major intention *The Scarlet Tree* is a tragic, not a comic, book. Things which were treated comically, or hinted at in a non-committal tone neither of comedy nor of tragedy, in *Left Hand, Right Hand*, begin to develop more darkly here. And yet it is part of the novelist's art that the most lingering impression of the book is a quality not of darkness but of light. Indeed, descriptions of light are part of its scheme: there is a long Proustian meditation by the author while, as a child, he lies in bed at daybreak and feels the day increasing behind the shutters; there is another, a little later in life, under the title of *A Brief Escape into the Early Morning*. Yet bathed in light though the book is—and one wishes that Mr. Piper's pictures had turned occasionally aside from their excruciating melodramatic gloom to try and recapture a little of this—the book is principally a picture of tragic childhood, of infant vitality, exuberance and perspicaciousness flickering against deepening shadows of older futility. If, in fact, one or other of this distinguished family of writers has sometimes seemed, in print, a little too easily indignant or provoked; if they have had less indifference to the censure which all writers of genius sometimes evoke than their admirers would like to see in them: then perhaps we find the reasons in *The Scarlet Tree*. But while the author employs much candour in speaking of his upbringing, he leaves it to his readers to make, if they choose, explicit comment on it. A critic may perhaps be allowed to describe it as horrible and appalling. No one can contemplate without misgiving those pathetically awful small children who are allowed a wholly uninhibited expression of their impulses, and who early realise with the natural cunning of children that there are no limits to how far they can go. But the opposite of this is scarcely better: the children rigorously subjected to the sort of well-meant cruelty—a complete divorce of ends and means—which permitted Sir George Sitwell always to insist that his children should do the exact opposite of anything they showed pleasurable inclination towards.

Yet it is not to be imagined that Sir Osbert presents his father in the familiar guise of an Edward Moulton-Barrett. The most subtle and original thing in this book is the suggestion it gives that all early development is haphazardly circumstanced: it is a crawl through a garden-wilderness where the cruellest briars and the largest fallen branches which impede the way have also once had their struggles for existence and growth. It is a wise sense of this that persuades Sir Osbert in talking of his own upbringing to open out for us a remoter vista: the childhood of his father.

> Here, having watched the development of a character, as seen by a child, a son, the reader may ask why my father so continually insisted on being in the right, to the extent that if events proved to him that he had been wrong, and he could no longer avoid such a conclusion, he had to fall ill. . . The reason, I deduce, must be sought a long way back, in the 'sixties of the previous century when he was a small child. . . . I used to think that his disposition and his whims, sometimes so delightful and removed from reality, at others so harsh, and, indeed, hateful, were the result of his having been brought up entirely by women since the age of two, when, as we have seen, he succeeded his father; were rooted in the circumstance that he had never been controlled or disciplined or contradicted, and that, further, he had inherited an ample fortune at the age of twenty-one, finding himself, in fact, one of those local princes of whom Meredith tells us in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. But my father had always maintained that his mother, though, by the time I knew her, gentle and on occasion almost indulgent, had not—for she was one of a family of five daughters—understood how a boy should be managed, and had treated him—of course without meaning to do so, for she was utterly devoted to him—with severity, and sometimes almost with cruelty. . . . And I have come to believe that this was true since I found in 1938 in the library at Renishaw a forbidding-looking account-book, short and thick, with an ecclesiastical clasp of brass. I opened this volume at random, and my eye lit on a page, not devoted to figures, on which were written, in a round, childish hand, very different from that which I knew, and yet even then recognisable, the words "George naughty again Jan. 20th." From the character of the letters, he plainly could not have been more than six or seven when obliged to enter that sentence. Underneath was inscribed in my grandmother's beautiful, flowing hand, "George naughty a second time Jan. 20th."

There are many variations in the book on the theme of semi-conscious paternal bullying; and there is a good deal of its painful counterpart, semi-conscious maternal indifference. Lady Ida Sitwell could also be cruel—and in a perhaps more despicable way—but a part of her was all on the side of kindness, and it seems to have been easily played on by the unscrupulous; but the actions of her life, according to the testimony of a son whose completely affectionate attitude to her cannot be questioned, were principally dedicated to the pursuit of "fun"; and to such a temperament as hers, children provide little. Where it was most craved, therefore, her kindness was something least forthcoming. Yet there is an element of "attack" in Sir Osbert's account of his upbringing, though some things—among them his mother's attitude to his sister—cannot be treated with complete equanimity; but about his own injuries he has come to that state of comparative calm (it is nothing so smug as forgiveness, which is always rather an indecent gesture on the part of a human being) the attainment of which is part of every artist's task.

This volume covers ten years of the young Osbert's life. It includes the deepening of certain threatening shadows at home, the whole of his school life, accounts of London and Scarborough, and his first glimpses of Italy. On its more sombre side it includes, too painfully for isolated quotation, a brief, horrifying scene with an unscrupulous private tutor, one of those dramatic moments of suspense and foreboding which are, again, a hint of the art of the novelist—points of significant detail which crystallise a whole phase of life. The accounts of the schools—a day-school at Scarborough, two private boarding-schools, and Eton—are written not without ferocity. But there is more than that: we are used to people writing satirical, indignant or regretful accounts of their schooldays; with rare exceptions, there seems to be little reason for them to write otherwise. Sir Osbert employs satire and indignation—Bloodsworth, in particular, appears not to have been far short of a torture-chamber—but he sees deeper than these instruments by themselves will allow a man to see: he uncovers a process of malformation, permanent or temporary. *Esce di man di Lui l'anima semplicetta*; but the simple little soul returns from his second world severely misshapen:

> The school restored to my parents a different boy, unrecognisable, with no pride in his appearance, no ability to concentrate, with health impaired for many years, if not for life, secretive, with no love of books, and an impartial hatred for both work and games, with few qualities left and none acquired, save a love of solitude and a cynical disbelief, firmly established, in any sense of fair play or prevailing standard of human conduct.

He has no hesitation—why should he have?—in making clear who or what helped to undo this mischief. Principally, himself; but some things in addition which were denied to many of his companions. There was the calm beauty of Renishaw; there were his own growing apprehensions of the things man has formed out of the mess of life; there was Italy. It is a tempting preciosity to say that the Englishman's education and sensibility are incomplete without Mediterranean experience. It is also a palpable falsity; they are equally incomplete without experience of the South Seas, China, Russia and India. But to the English artist (to say nothing of anyone else) Italy has a strange power of benediction—more potent and residual perhaps when no attempt is made by the Englishman to externalise its beauty into art. Sir Osbert is not, of course, the Englishman Italianate who incurred and deserved Elizabethan censure; but now that the centre of diabolism seems temporarily to have moved to Paris, it is delicious to find the magic of Italy restored in pages that are among the best in the book.

The remarkable achievement of *The Scarlet Tree* is its avoidance of an episodic character. No writer of our time—unless perhaps Mr. William Plomer in his own autobiography—has shown greater delight in the unusual and absurd side-shows of human behaviour, or more tenacity in storing them up for future reference. But in *The Scarlet Tree* anecdotes are used only as occasional illustration to the general succession of the "movements" of life. It is not a book which over-emphasises detail at the expense of form: the whole work, of which this is said to be a quarter (though one prefers to hope that it will be but an eighth or a twelfth) promises to be a masterpiece of controlled expansiveness; it has already a quality of humorous and urbane magnificence, and a romantic lyricism rare in contemporary prose. It is worth while remembering that this is achieved in spite of rather than because of the author's native background. Our times provide us with a new opportunity for snobbism which we eagerly grasp at; with a gracious smile we accept socialism, and with a wider one we indicate how much *we* are giving up. The author of *The Scarlet Tree* knows all this; and he is at pains to show in these Edwardian chapters what sterile dramas could enact themselves, what futile games be played, against the background of Renishaw. He insists that the notable qualities of himself, and of his brother and sister, are qualities of mind. These they brought with them; they did not find them there.

HENRY REED

TWO AMBASSADORS

Ambassador on Special Mission. By Sir Samuel Hoare (Viscount Templewood). *Collins.* 16s.

An Ambassador in Bonds. By Sir Lancelot Oliphant. *Putnam.* 17s. 6d.

Both these books are interesting, read either separately or in conjunction. Sir Lancelot Oliphant is a professional diplomatist and that he has been able to write an interesting book is, to some extent, fortuitous. His professional experience has been curiously restricted: from 1905 to 1911 he was at Constantinople and Teheran; from 1912 to 1939 he was continuously at the Foreign Office, dealing most of the time with Asia and particularly Persia. Then at the end of 1939 he went as Ambassador to Belgium. Caught in the debacle of 1940, he fell into German hands and was kept a prisoner by them for 18 months. The greater part of his book and all its interest relate to the story of his captivity, and the light which it throws upon the psychology of the Nazis and of the professional diplomatist is what makes it worth reading. Having read a good many autobiographical books by British ambassadors and ministers, we have come to the unexpected conclusion that the Foreign Services attract or produce in their higher posts extremely simple-minded men. Sir Nevile Henderson was the classic example and it remains one of the most astonishing facts of history that the Conservative Government of Neville Chamberlain selected that amiable simpleton to be their representative to deal with Hitler and the Nazi Government throughout the supreme crisis of our history. The protagonists in the controversy about the personnel of the Foreign Office and Foreign Services would do well to study ambassadorial reminiscences. Though Sir Lancelot cannot compete with Sir Nevile in artlessness, the observant reader will note the Foreign Office symptoms of adolescent ingenuousness, not so much in what he says as in the way he says it.

Sir Samuel Hoare, Viscount Templewood, is a very different pair of shoes, made not in the Foreign Office, but the House of Commons. Almost at the moment when the Gestapo removed Sir Lancelot from Berlin for internment in the Police-House at Neu Babelsberg, Sir Samuel was sent by the British Government as Ambassador on a special mission to Madrid. The object of the mission was blankly to keep Franco from joining Hitler and Mussolini as an active belligerent. Up to the very last moment of the German collapse the Franco Government was persistently a passive belligerent; there is ample evidence in this book and in the documents recently published to show that, short of taking military action against Britain, Franco treated Hitler and Mussolini as if they were his allies and treated us as an enemy. And the fact is often conveniently ignored by Mr. Churchill and others in this country that the Spanish Government, by sending the Blue Division to fight against the Soviet Union on the eastern front, did become an active belligerent against the Allies. It is, nevertheless, true that Franco never actually crossed the Rubicon openly to join Hitler and attack us. That was a matter of supreme importance to us in the terrible years 1940 and 1941. Like most crucial historical events, it was determined by a large number of different causes. There was Hitler's saving grace of making strategical mistakes on the grand scale; there was Franco's character with its inveterate bias towards ambiguity. There was chance or luck, which is the most persistent and perhaps potent historical determinent; for instance Franco's dismissal of Serrano Suñer just before the Anglo-American invasion of North Africa just turned the scale when the crucial moment came, for Lord Templewood holds that had he still been in the Council of Ministers, "the interventionists would have won."

There was also Lord Templewood himself. He would probably agree that ultimately what prevented Franco from becoming an active belligerent against us was that Franco himself never reached the point of wanting to become an active belligerent against us. He believed that we should be beaten, but his inveterate ambiguity made him hesitate finally to put his head in Hitler's noose or openly attack us until we had been knocked out. But Lord Templewood's book, which is written with grace and modesty—he gives full credit to his staff and particularly to Arthur Yencken—proves that he himself played a not unimportant part in keeping Spain out of the war. For four and a half weary years he doggedly pursued the object of his mission. The only thing which the British representative could do was to stand firm against the malignant acts of the Government and the interventionists, but never to be provoked into any precipitate action which would have given an excuse for final action to the interventionists, while at the same time doing everything to strengthen the position of our friends and of those who were opposed to intervention. This policy required foresight, intelligence, and almost superhuman patience. And it is doubtful whether even these qualities would have been sufficient to ensure success. What was also needed was qualities and character which are the opposite of those which the Foreign Office breeds in its higher officials. There are few politicians from whom I would differ more profoundly, both in principle and in practice, than the originator of the Hoare-Laval agreement. But much as one may dislike the politics of Sir Samuel Hoare, one has to recognize that he possesses the qualities of a politician of the first rank. He has a quickness and alertness of mind, a breadth of interests, a subtle understanding of character and persons which the ordinary ambassador does not possess and would not approve. He has read and even enjoyed Montesquieu's *Cahiers* and Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme*. There is evidence in his book that these various qualities, including an appreciation of Stendhal, helped him to understand and defeat men like Franco and Suñer. That is a very important lesson for practical politicians which can be learnt from these two books. The answer which will be given by the defenders of our Foreign Service as it is, and perhaps even by Mr. Bevin, is that Sir Samuel was sent on a "special mission" and that the qualities which he possessed are not required in the day to day work of the diplomat. The Sir Nevile Hendersons and Sir Lancelot Oliphants are what we require for common or garden ambassadors. This view is profoundly mistaken. Our Ministers and Ambassadors are worse than useless unless they are men of wide interests, experience, taste, and intelligence, and unless they understand and sympathize with the policy which it is their duty to represent. The essential nature of a general diplomatic mission is not different from that of a special mission; it is merely rather more difficult to carry out and requires for success exactly those characteristics which made Sir Samuel Hoare successful in Madrid.

Leonard Woolf

TAXI DRIVER

The Trouble With Yesterday. By Maurice Levinson. *Peter Davies.* 8s. 6d.

In one sense no life is extraordinary; it may be the writer's job to make it seem so. Facts are nothing; it is what one makes of them that counts. Here, I think, Mr. Levinson is a distinctive proletarian writer. He has been a taxi driver in London for the last ten years; before that he was on the dole; before that he was an apprentice in the furniture trade. He was educated in an orphanage; a hard, bleak, pious place which nevertheless taught by the Dalton system. I suspect Mr. Levinson owes more to this than he knows. He had one more advantage: he was an immigrant. The child of Russian Jews from Bessarabia who fled during the first World War because of the pogroms, he was given by circumstance that split personality which is everything for a writer, what might be called "the frontier mind," to which everything is naturally strange. Half the problem of "seeing" a subject lies in becoming foreign to it. The attraction of Mr. Levinson's autobiography owes much to this sense of strangeness and also to the gift for naturally-spoken, nonchalant narrative which he must surely inherit from his people. That gift is a spark which is easily put out by the damping routine of English industrial life. If Mr. Levinson is good, I suspect, it is because he is near to the peasant. But against these literary advantages, there was one appalling disadvantage: extreme poverty, poverty on the starvation level as it is known by the immigrant in the East End. There is a point at which poverty nullifies the mind and the senses. He was pierced by poverty, wounded by it, angered and startled by it; in the end, faced by the appalling resignation to suffering which he saw in his mother and his Jewish friends, he rebelled. He was thrown back upon himself. And so, this autobiography is refreshing because it discloses a little of the writer's internal life and is quick to catch signs of this life in others.

Mr. Levinson's orphanage was a traditional, mixed orphanage of the hungry and public thrashing kind: "the girls they kept strictly apart from the boys: one would have supposed that one section of the school suffered perpetually from a horrible disease." One boy had the nerve to ask the headmaster how babies were born—remember this occurred within the last 25 years—and the headmaster gave the following Tommy Handley reply to the whole class:

> "Boys," he said, "while I believe that the boy who asked this question did so in all sincerity, I am nevertheless afraid that it is beyond my powers to give you a satisfactory reply. No doubt, when you all leave school, you will find in time that the problems of your youth will be problems no longer. We happen to live in a world of both good and bad. A world that is full of the wonders of God. It is not for us to question every thought that might assail us. Let us instead put our minds to our lessons and work together to uphold the good name this school enjoys. Any questions?"

The last meal in the day consisted of one bur which the boys used to soak under the tap before they could get their teeth in it. Dull teaching hunger, boredom, quarrelling, loneliness, the continual nagging about good behaviour—the boy endured them and then broke and, with great courage, ran away. His picture of his homecoming to a mother who had no light in the house because she could not afford candles is vivid and moving. The portrait of the mother is, in fact, masterly throughout the book. Beaten by life, she had become resigned, sullen, stiff and scolding. She endeavoured to hide her beaten feelings, within the shell of her religious faith. She whined her children and complained because they were difficult. She is a very real character. There is one remarkable family conversation about reading which comes very close to life:

> Sometimes my mother joined in.
> "Why don't you relax?" she used to say.
> "I am relaxing," I said.
> "You can't be relaxing by stirring up your mind. Put that book down and lay still."
> "I can't relax doing nothing. I think less about things when I'm reading."
> "That's where your books have got you," Jack broke in. "You'll soon stop thinking altogether."
> "Books do make you think," I said stubbornly.
> "You just now said it stops you from thinking," Jack added. "Now you say it makes you think."
> "I meant it makes you think and stops you from worrying."
> "You mean it makes you worry about not thinking."
> "I didn't say that. I said it makes you think about not worrying."
> My mother looked up from her sewing. "What pleasure do you get from books?" she asked.
> "All kinds of things," I replied. "Books show you the things you can't see for yourself. . . ."
> Jack burst into a loud yell "I always suspected that," he said.
> "Stop it, Jack," my sister warned. "Let him talk."

"Books tell you what other people think," I went on.

"Why should I want to know what other people think?" my mother asked. "I've enough of my own thoughts to worry about."

"You miss a lot by not being able to read," I said.

"Does reading make people happier?" my mother asked.

"I don't know," I said.

"Then why should I be reading about other people's ills when I've got troubles of my own."

The reader's employers threw boys off when the lads wanted to earn and Mr. Levinson was presently on the dole. He got married at this time and his picture of that event is brief, nervy, touchingly honest. The combative note in his writing increases, but it is wayward and that is a relief: too much socially-caused anger has a fierce, monotonous and unnatural note. People's feelings—the novelist quickly learns—are not drilled but are all over the place. A natural impatience to get his book done, the exhaustion of his later jobs as a fireman in the blitz and a taxi-driver, have left some sketchiness in the later pages of the book which are not as good, I think, as the accounts of childhood. The dialogue, I notice, varies in quality; it is never sententious, but it is occasionally too curt, and histrionic in the mannered American fashion. That kind of dialogue scores too many points for the writer if he is not careful with it and if he overdoes the repetitions. These are the minor faults of a book which is full of life, tenderness and temperament, which is sometimes awkward but has not a boring or a common page in it. It breaks the chains that drag so heavily on the ankles of proletarian literature.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THINGS FRENCH

Cross-Channel. By ALAN HOUGHTON BRODRICK. *Hutchinson.* 21s.

French Personalities and Problems. By D. W. BROGAN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Alan Houghton Brodrick strikes me as one of the most intelligent, well informed and civilised of men. I know nothing of him except from his books—*Little China* and *Parts of Barbary*—which deal respectively with French Indo-China and North Africa, and *Cross-Channel*, his new book about France. He might be described as a Norman Douglas whose scholarship runs to anthropology and pre-history instead of to the classics and natural history. Why then, it will be asked, is he not better known? And the answer must be that his writing is rather careless, certainly less distinguished than his mind. Sometimes he positively maltreats the English tongue (he evidently thinks as often in French as in English); and then he is not very artful in the disposition of his material: *Cross-Channel* is a ragbag of jottings. Nevertheless everyone interested in things French can be recommended to borrow it. I find it expensive at a guinea, and I cannot say that use of format or the type suggest any great solicitude for elegance.

During most of his life Mr. Brodrick's home has been in France; in the Thirties he owned and exploited an estate near Périgueux; he knows all France, and he has been back there since the Liberation. He understands the French, likes them extremely, but not sentimentally, and, while conscious of a "fundamental antimony existing between the English and French traditions, attitudes, scales of value and philosophies of living as well as ways of life," he sees the necessity of an Anglo-French alliance between the two peoples since neither alone is any longer a match diplomatically or economically for the vast new Powers. His first page contains the astonishing statement that "the French are intellectually and culturally a people of majors." This suggests half-developed Blimps, but from the context one gathers that Mr. Brodrick is translating the word "majeurs": he means a people of adults. This we are not. And consequently he thinks that "the most dangerous threats to the development and fecundity of Anglo-French relations come from those who would favour large-scale intercourse between the two peoples." The British Armies established in France during the last two wars could provide evidence for this contention. I fancy that while educated Englishmen almost always prefer the French to the Germans, the uneducated (among whom one must, alas, include most Public School men) are usually deluded by the deference of the Germans and offended by the pride of the French.

> English country houses are the homes of men who can afford to live in the country, whereas French country houses are the homes of men who cannot afford to live in the town. . .

> Really, what the French mean, when they mean anything, in talking of one being intelligent, is that he is capable of rapidity of thought and coming to a plausible conclusion quicker than the next man. . .

Such observations are here combined with vivid descriptions of individuals and places, with acute comments upon politics and the arts, and with lively dips into unfamiliar patches of history.

Henry III, we learn, wanted to transport the Sainte Chapelle stone by stone to London, as Touraine châteaux have been re-erected in Ohio. Again: "Our Edward I, proclaimed by pious and patriotic historians to have been a mirror of chastity, granted a manor," we are told, "in consideration of the manor's lord acting pimp for his sovereign, and providing: xii *demoiselles scl. meretrices ad usum domini regis nostri.*" And Mr. Brodrick adds a further fact:

> By the eighth century our blunt Saxon Winfrith from Crediton in Devon (and known as St. Boniface the Apostle of the Germans) reported to Cuthbert, eleventh Archbishop of Canterbury, that English whores were to be met with in profusion throughout Northern Italy and Gaul.

La Roche-aux Moines? "It is a name they don't make much play with in our official history books, for it is the name of an English defeat by which our lords lost most of their Plantagenet Empire's Northern French dominions." I wonder how many English schoolboys could name even three battles in which the French beat us?

Mr. Brodrick includes in his book the first account (and it does more to stimulate than to satisfy one's curiosity) of the prehistoric site discovered at Lascaux during the Occupation, with what are said to be the finest palaeolithic painting in France. His interest in anthropology shows in a lively hypothesis about recent changes in English physique; seventeenth and eighteenth century portraits, he points out, reveal faces remarkably unlike what we see to-day.

> The Industrial Revolution changed not only the Face of England but the English Face.
>
> Industry developed in the North where the population had been the most scanty on poor soil in an inclement climate. There coal and iron abounded. The vast increase in urban population brought about by the fresh industry was a thing of the Midlands and the North. With the exception of swelling London, the towns that were transformed from villages into cities within a generation lay north, in that part of England where the heavy-boned and accomegalic types were (and are) most common. Maybe such types stood the pace of industrialization better than any other. And some of these men were the ancestors not only of the mass of our fellow-countrymen to-day but they were also the forefathers of a new prosperous group which pushed through and furnished employers and directors.

Recent Publications

His Fight is Ours
JANE LANE
Author of
GIN AND BITTERS
(38,000)
HE STOOPED TO CONQUER
(27,000)
9s. 6d. net

Before I Go Hence
FRANK BAKER
Author of
MISS HARGREAVES
SWEET CHARIOT
9s. 6d. net

ANDREW DAKERS LIMITED

Genius and Courage made these Books The Pioneers of Sex Reform

by **MARIE C. STOPES**

YOUR BABY'S FIRST YEAR 7/6
LIFE OF DR. MARIE STOPES by Aylmer Maude 8/6
RADIANT MOTHERHOOD For potential parents 7/6
SEX AND RELIGION 6d.
OUR OSTRICHES. 3-act play. 3rd edition. Profound, witty, entertaining 1/-
WISE PARENTHOOD A practical handbook 6/-
BIRTH CONTROL TO-DAY Special Clinic edition 3/-
TRUTH ABOUT VENEREAL DISEASE Clear and practical 2/6

From all booksellers. Or by post (add 5d. post)

MOTHER'S CLINIC,
108 WHITFIELD ST., LONDON, W.1

LEISURE
is well spent in reading
for a DEGREE

● **One of to-day's problems** is that of making the best use of leisure hours, whether at home, or on active service. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the material post-war advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation.

● **London University Degrees** are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three exams., Matriculation (or, if you are over 23, the shorter Special Entrance Exam.), Intermediate and Final; you may study for these at home and in your own time, wherever you are.

● **Wolsey Hall Postal Courses** for the above examinations are conducted by a staff of 80 University Graduates. These Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of *all* difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued *free*. Fees may be spread over the period of the Course.

● **Write for GUIDE TO DEGREES** (saying if your preference is for Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Law or Theology) to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. VH21

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD
PROPRIETORS: DIPLOMA CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LTD.

EVERY form of enterprise depends upon the services given by banking and insurance. The investor in

BANK-INSURANCE UNITS

is a part owner of a group of companies supplying *essential* services and managed with incomparable skill. These Units provide an investment, *free from personal liability in respect of partly-paid* shares, spread over the shares of 50 British banks and insurance companies. Dividends on these Units have increased during each of the past two years and this upward trend should continue.

Bank-Insurance Units may be freely bought and sold (and information obtained) through any Stockbroker or Bank.

Trustees: Midland Bank Executor & Trustee Co. Ltd. Mgrs.: Bank Insurance Trust Corp. Ltd., 30 Cornhill, E.C.3.

The last sentence, in its construction so slovenly, in its suggestion so stimulating, is highly characteristic of Mr. Brodrick. Almost every page of his book includes an unfamiliar fact or a lively comment. Here is one more instance, taken almost at random.

> I once heard the late Monsieur Aristide Briand express jokingly an idea which must occur to many readers of our Western European story. He said something like this:
>
> "All the troubles of France are due to Joan of Arc. Had she never existed, the French and the English would have merged into one people and the Germans would never have been heard of."

Mr. Brodrick adds

> It seems probable that had her legend not caught on another figure would have been ready at hand. . . Was there, as a matter of fact, ever any possibility, after the twelfth century, that France and England would be welded into one realm? Hardly.

Please, Mr. Brodrick, give us more! It is doubtful whether any writer of English knows so much about modern France as Mr. D. W. Brogan—I say "Mr." because the title Professor seems to me a neologism of German origin: who ever talked of "Professor Jowett" or "Professor Pusey"? Mr. Brogan's *Development of Modern France* is among the best histories written in this century. His new book is a collection of reprinted articles and reviews, some of which were better left interred. The article on General de Gaulle, for instance, was written, for the American public in 1943, and the very skill with which this was done makes it inappropriate to the English public in 1946. But how excellent are the articles on Tocqueville, Bazaine, Proust, Léon Daudet, Maurras and Barrès!

Whether he deals with nationalism, Freemasonry, Vichy or the internecine hatreds of the French, Mr. Brogan is always sagacious and illuminating. He supports M. Aron's attack on the nefarious influence of Alain (which, he points out, may help to explain the pitiable war-record of Monsieur Maurois, who was a disciple of Alain). The fervent patriotism of the French is seldom buttressed by a similarly powerful civic sense, and for this Alain, with his exaggerated distrust of "les pouvoirs"—that is almost every public servant from a Marshal to an income-tax collector—Alain provides an intellectual justification or pretext. Of the other grave malady in modern France Mr. Brogan writes very sensibly:

> She is, and always has been a country of *élites*; she could not become a united, docile and mediocre people. To say that we ought to be ready to applaud French dissensions would be to exaggerate; and yet we ought to be ready to tolerate these dissensions and, if possible, to understand them. What a shock it would be to us if suddenly we were confronted by a France which in politics, in science, and in the arts, no longer produced any refractory elements!

This sets one thinking how almost all great Frenchmen have been *frondeurs*.

But it is to the papers on Barrès and Maurras that I would specially call attention. Neither of these is as well known in England as he should be, and the former was a wonderful artist. (I consider *La colline inspirée* a masterpiece.) Mr. Brogan shows how different, despite certain agreements in policy, the two men were; and nicely quotes from Barrès a sentence written in 1917 that by anticipation condemns Maurras: "It is a tragic thing that l'ennemi ait su se faire servir par les hommes mêmes chargés de le dépister et qu'il ait trouvé dans les organismes institués pour le combattre des complaisances'." One agrees that Barrès could have regarded Pétain only with pity and contempt.

The two books I have been reviewing deserve serious attention from everyone who still holds to the supremacy of Western European values.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

"I THOUGHT SO LITTLE, THEY REWARDED ME . . ."

Sir Christopher Hatton. By ERIC ST. JOHN BROODS. *Cape.* 18*s.*

> ". . . men of high degree are a lie; to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity."

That no-one should have troubled, in this age of popular biographies, to write a life of Sir Christopher Hatton till now, seems on the face of it a little odd. The statesman who "ingratiated himself with his Royal Mistress by his excellence in a qualification not very essential to his profession—namely, dancing"; who climbed on the stepping-stones of her wayward affections to be Lord Chancellor of England; the go-between who organised Mary Stuart's death while saving his own queen's face: he sounds an excellent subject for biographers of the modern school. In Elizabeth's splendid court, crowded with men whose names are a part of our history, Hatton cut as good a figure as any. Why should posterity have neglected him, remembering only that he danced?

The answer lies, I think, in his very success. To get and to maintain greatness in the court of a tyrannical and inconstant queen, a man must not have too much character. His opinions, even his principles, must depend on her and change with her changing moods. Elizabeth named him well when she called Sir Christopher her "lids." Into the House of Commons and the Law Courts, he carried his royal mistress's point of view, and "never thought of thinking for himself at all." When he fell from favour, as even he did now and then, it was when jealousy prevented him from seeing eye to eye with Elizabeth. What the Queen's relations with her favourites really were will remain a mystery. But she certainly tried to swallow them whole, and with Hatton she succeeded. For him there really was nothing worth living for, except his Queen's favour, with the result that, in himself, he was quite uninteresting.

Mr. Brooks has done his best for Hatton, filling in with real scholarship the multi-coloured background of his day and giving him the credit for every quality he can. But the more we read of him, the emptier he becomes. He had his part to play in many important events, the Catholic plots, the death of Northumberland, the trial of Mary Stuart, the Spanish invasion, but in none did he dominate. He remained merely the faithful interpreter of his mistress's mind. He never married, never had any life outside the gorgeous life of a successful court official. No wonder, when he died, his contemporaries believed his death was due to the Queen's unkindness. "Neither could the Queen having once cast him down with a word, raise him up again, though she visited and comforted him in the time of his sicknesse."

FLORA GRIERSON

The Bridge. Edited by GEOFFREY MOORE. 2*s.* 6*d.*

We welcome a new inter-university magazine which sets out to bridge the gaps between the universities, to relate wartime experience, particularly in the Services, to traditional and academic standards. In this first number Cambridge, the birthplace, dominates. On the whole, the critical articles are more promising than the plays and stories; there is an intelligent but surely rather perverse attack on Aragon, and a tentative examination of T. F. Powys. Among the stories, Raymond Williams has a staccato piece, *Nijmegen Bridge*; G. A. Wagner is conventional, but not dull; Wolf Mankowitz makes a vivid theatrical tour of a suicide's last moments. Among the poets, Alexander Bryceson and George Moor are worth noting.

QUICK DECISIONS

The choice of a bank may be a matter of family tradition, old associations, convenience or pleasant relations, but above all the customer must look for service.

So to-day, when service is synonymous with speed, the far-sighted demand QUICK DECISIONS in every aspect of finance—and this is what the District Bank both recognises and provides.

DISTRICT BANK LIMITED

LOST one's interest. And appetite. The fact is you need a rest in body and mind. Rest your digestion with a cup of Benger's at night. It will soothe your stomach, give you nights of calm sleep. You'll feel quite different.

Why Benger's Food is so good for you

The active enzymes in Benger's partially pre-digest the milk. You absorb its full nutriment without digestive strain. That's why Benger's is so good for you. Your Chemist and Grocer sell Benger's Food. From 1/9 a tin.

BENGER'S LTD. HOLMES CHAPEL, CHESHIRE.

Constipation—*that's why he* NEVER SEEMS WELL

Health signals never lie—and it's no use just putting up with your ills and ailments if they are due to constipation. Bilious attacks, sick headaches, that tired feeling in the mornings—upsets like these are the protests of a system unable to deal with trouble-making waste products. You need the help of Beecham's Pills to restore a gentle, regular bowel movement. Then you'll notice a difference. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable—therefore really effective. 1/4 per box including Purchase Tax. Also obtainable in Pennyworths.

Beecham's Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Week-end Competitions

No. 863

Set by Hilary St. George Saunders

The usual prizes are offered for mottoes suitable for sundials standing in the gardens of a pre-fab house, a public house, a black marketeer's house, an author's house. Entries by September 10th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 860

Set by Roger Marvell

The usual prizes are offered for an epitaph on an English country house. Not more than 12 lines.

Report by Roger Marvell

Before me are at least thirty entries I should like to print. With special regret I put aside those of M. R. Dunnett, A. Mandeville, Richard Massie, Cedra Osborne, Dorothy Wright, Boris Watson, Vernon Bulkley, Douglas Hawson, Fergie, Jean Ricard and I. C. Saul. I recommend a guinea each to L. E. J. and R. J. P. Hewison (the excellence of these two competitors is really becoming too regular!), and 12s. each to Paul, Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, Aubrey Herbert, Phiz, Allan M. Laing, Constance Sewell, and Torso.

IN MEMORY OF CRANMER HALL

(Built 1760. Went under the Hammer, August 1946.)

Your Bricks were mellow; your Rooms gracious;
your Windows honest;
You admitted the Sun to your Intimacy
Without compromising your Coolness.
In spite of Victorian Sins, and some crooked Passages,
You preserved your Air, and were faithful to your Light.
Verbena grew by your Garden-door,
And when your Clock struck
The sound of it carried to the distant Hay-makers.

L. E. J.

Empty room on empty room,
Ghost of lady, squire and groom,
Governess, butler, child and guest—
Vanished, dead or dispossessed.

Long Edwardian week-ends,
Fizz, diabolo, hunt ball,
Outings in the Daimler-Benz—
Disappeared beyond recall.

Formal gardens overgrown,
Beetle, spider, bat and mouse,
Weedy path and flaking stone—
This was once a country house.

R. J. P. Hewison

EPITAPH ON AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE RECENTLY BECOME A PUBLIC SCHOOL

Not yours to crumble into dust and weed,
Proud mansion, but to house a lusty seed.
Phoenix upon your ashes, stately home,
The Sixth finds shelter 'neath the Vanbrugh dome.
In boudoirs where a Reynolds Grace has lain
The prefects rule with no malacca cane.
State drawing-rooms now house a noisy Gym
And from the Orangery resounds the hymn.
A Beak assumes the functions of the Duke,
The swimming-pool becomes a theme for Tuke.
No sad decay such grounds and gardens choose
That breed young victors for fresh Waterloos.

Paul

Through vacant windows, out and in
Murmurs a muted violin
And, rustling down the dim arcades
The dead leaves mimic old brocades,
Swans, too long-lived, that haunt the lake
Vainly await the proffered cake.
Pause! gentle traveller, spare a sigh—
This, too, was beauty and must die.

Ethel Talbot Scheffauer (Mrs.)

This was a home. A score of chimneys slid
the smoke of wood over its busy peace.
Now behind shutters only death is hid.
PLEASE FORM A QUEUE FOR ICES AND FOR TEAS.

This was a home. Someone once loved the place—
those mullioned windows and those copper towers,
that vista—yes, its statue *had* a face.
YOU ARE REQUESTED NOT TO PICK THE FLOWERS.

This was a home. Life was once gentle here.
Is it my fancy that the house resents
the only signs of it that now appear?
RIGHT FOR THE LADIES. THIS WAY TO THE GENTS.

Aubrey Herbert

GRESHAMSBURY

Sweet Greemsbury, on whose trim lawns the County met
Thornes, Grantleys, Luftons, all the old de Courcy set,
The Bishop, and the Dean.
With croquet, strawberries, and love your summer days
Were filled. Your pagans guarded from the vulgar gaze
The aristocratic scene.
Deserted now you stand, your paths with weeds o'ergrown,
By military boors your pagans overthrown,
In this your deathlike winter.
But spring is nigh. Once more you'll entertain the County,
Reborn to be dispenser of the Council's bounty,
East Barsetshire Folk Centre

Phiz

[Note: Trollopians will remember the four stone pagans that guarded the approach to Greshamsbury (or Greemsbury, as it was pronounced) Park; and how its fortunes were restored by the Scatcherd wealth. In 1940 it was requisitioned by the War Office, and has recently come into the hands of an enlightened County Council.]

EPITAPH FOR LONGSHAW HOUSE, DERBYSHIRE

(Once the Duke of Rutland's shooting-box, now a holiday guest house)

HERE LIES, 'mid grass-green moors and jutting rocks,
The Duke of Rutland's erstwhile shooting-box:
Here in its halcyon days, from this grey house
Bluff, gaitered "guns" set out to slaughter grouse:
That day is done, and now, with gentler aims,
Quite common folk arrive for fun and games;
Where once a few held leisure far too cheap,
Scores know a harvest only workers reap.
The Duke who cut the mansion's virgin sod
Lies in the bosom (so we hope) of God:
The house itself, of more enduring dust,
Is born again to serve the National Trust.

Allan M. Laing

Here lies a mansion of the time of Wren,
That could not live without its serving men—
The well-trained butlers, never known to laugh
And all the inside and the outside staff.
It died when plantain had interr'd the lawn
And noble colonnades of trees were sawn:
Through broken glass rain weeps for the dead vine,
The nurtured rose returns to eglantine.
From a deep growth shrubs leap to lock the gate,
Thick jasmines close its eyes against the fate
Of vistas planned when men had time for style—
Fled from a hostile age, uncertain, vile.

Constance Sewell

Head to the Left and heart to the Right,
Lauding your end yet hating the sight,
I gaze on your tangled and woebegone shell,
And find there reflected my own private hell.

Torso

Personal

LADY offers rent-free accom. and good garden for development as market-garden to married couple or two women, in return for produce for house and some house service. Wage adjustment by arrngement. Stn. 5 mls. Mrs. Spring-Rice, Iken, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

HOUSEKEEPER Secretary. Educated, intelligent woman, 38, desperately anxious find stable, quiet, friendly home for pleasant, homeloving little boy 7, offers willing, attentive services to employer providing same, preferably cultured man who appreciates comfort, good cooking, economical management. First-class references, varied experience, wide interests, amiable, adaptable, capable. Small sal., remote countryside, lack mod. conveniences immaterial if otherwise suitable. Box 1863.

TRUST for furtherance of biological research, without recourse to painful experiments on animals, is prepared to give financial assistance to those undertaking such work. Information and suggestions invited. Box 1865.

FRENCH Pyrenees: informal hol., cultured family, mod cost. Charming countryside, Eng., French, German spoken. Box 1875.

SCOTTISH Borders. Girls' Boarding School. Active, progressive, working partner reqd. Science/Languages degree if possible. Moderate capital only required. Box 2444.

OFFICIALLY sponsored Overseas Post-grad. students, while attending Univ. courses, anxious to live as paying guests in English families, within 10 mls. London. Will families interested please apply Box 2682.

C.O., 23, brill. acad. career, impoverished, not enriched by war, would like £300 long-term loan to continue studies. Excellent refs. Box 1896.

I AM a mere male of 34, bored by routine job and would welcome suggestions for small business partnership. Only small capital, but enthusiasm and integrity unquestionable. Box 1900.

SWITZERLAND: Ten vacancies in informal party going Switzerland Sept. 14th; pleasant hotel, lake bathing, plenty of excellent food and drink. Box 1976.

Personal—continued

PHOTOGRAPHER, going Greece autumn, can undertake limited amount of work for publishers. Box 2276.

CENTRAL London Orchestra has vacancies for Amateur String Players. Interesting works. Rehearsals Mondays, 7-9, near Baker St. Write Box 1547.

FRENCH and German lessons by Correspondence. Moderate terms. Box A3934.

RUSSIAN lady offers conversation. Box 1808.

GERMAN, grammar and conversation. Exp. certif. Austrian teacher. Pop. 7429.

VIENNESE Lady can accompany professional singers and coach students of singing. Box 1843.

SWEDISH lessons wanted, beginner, London, evenings. Box 1879.

MATHS. tuition to Inter. standard or beyond by first-class hons. graduate. State course required. Box 1880.

HOUSE purchase. Latest scheme combines advantages of all others. Unusual flexibility. Strictly competitive. Absolute repute. Transferable to any future house. No initial fees. Also of interest to those already having mortgages. E. W. Beard & Sons, 109 Gt. Russell St. W.C.1.

DELICIOUS Vintage Cider and Perry supplied in returnable 6, 10, 18 and 30 gallon casks; stpd. addrd. env. for price list. Orders for autumn and Xmas should be placed now. Cotswold Cider Co., 11 Clarence St. Glos.

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 30 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in all foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. Phone SLO. 9595.

DEVELOP Your Literary Talent with the London School of Journalism. Reduced fees. Personal tuition by correspondence. Free advice and book from Prospectus Office, L.S.J., 57 Gordon Sq. W.C. Mus. 4574.

MAYFAIR Ladies' Maid Service has a number of clients' model gowns and suits for disposal without coupons from £7. 6 Derby St. Curzon St. W.1. GRO. 2475.

Personal—continued

HEARD-Huxley Group, Secretary, "Merville," Tulse Hill, S.W.2.

WANTED, stories and articles for popular journals. Donald Craig, Holycross, Thurles.

HAVE your favourite suit copied in a John Peel Countryside Tweed from £3 14s. od. and 26 coupons. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Send 3d. for pattern, Redmaynes, 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

PHOTO, Ciné and Optical Apparatus, also accessories, in good condition, purchased for cash, exchanged, or sold on Commission. The London Camera Exchange Co. Ltd, 35 Bucklersbury, E.C.4. City 4591 (Mention *N.S.*)

COINS and Medals. Best prices paid for collections, also for gold and rare silver pieces. Standard catalogue of English coins 5s. Coin and Medal Bulletin, 1s. p.a. B. A. Seaby, Ltd., 65 Gt. Portland St. W.1.

BE satisfied—buy Bermaline Bread. Ask your Baker.

PHOTOGRAPHIC studies undertaken in clients' homes. Children a speciality. For appointment write Philip Svendsen at 166 Terminal House, Grosvenor Gdns. S.W.1.

WANTED to purchase, Stamps. Highest prices paid. Prompt cash. Send any lots (except Modern English) by reg. post. Morris, P.T.S., 47 Sicilian Ave. W.C.1. HOL. 5509.

STORIES wanted by Agency Dept. C.20 of British Inst. of Fiction-writing Science Ltd., Regent House, Regent St. W.1, on a 15 per cent. of sales basis (reasons given for rejection). Interesting book free.

CONSULTANT Scientist offers confidential service to Authors. Scientific plots for fiction vetted or supplied. Serious scientific MSS. criticised. Enqs. invited. Box 514.

THE men who brought us final victory may count on the help of the British Legion in times of adversity, after Service. Please help them by a legacy to Haig's Fund, Richmond, Surrey.

PSYCHOLOGICAL consultations and treatment. Philip Humphreys, 5 Thurloe Sq. South Kensington, London, S.W.7. Ken. 8042.

Personal—continued

NURSE Olivier. Colds Colonic irrigation. Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

ENVELOPE Reseal Labels, 250 3s., 500 5s. Hodgson (Dept. N.), Printer, Bradford.

BOOKS. We pay the best possible prices. Especially wanted Modern Fiction, Standard Sets & Books (before 1750) & Colour Plates (before 1850). Books also searched for. Krutina, 45a York St Broadstairs, Kent.

SECULAR Education League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Send postcard for objects and literature.

NEHRU. A new book by the great Indian leader "The Discovery of India." Ready Sept. 9th. Meridian Books Ltd., 8 Garrick St. W.C.2.

MOLOTOV on the "Future of Germany." Two statements made in Paris by the Minister for Foreign Affairs of the U.S.S.R.; pamphlet, price 3d., from Dept. F., Soviet News, 630 Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Sq. W.C.2.

Typing

TYPEWRITING, Duplicating. Also temporary shorthand-typists, typists, clerks supplied. Court Secretarial Service, 37a Kensington High St. W.8. WEStern 0781.

TYPING: any description. Translns. Phone Davies, FUL. 7685 after 7 p.m.

SYLVIA Coleman, 32 Woodcote Rd. E.11, does all kinds typing. WAN. 1825.

TYPEWRITING, Duplicating. Facsimile Printing, etc., at moderate charges. Simpsons' Bureau, 87 Dysons Rd. London, N.18.

PURELY PERSONAL

DINNER SUITS most men especially when they have a King Six Cigar to round off the occasion. (1/1 each.)